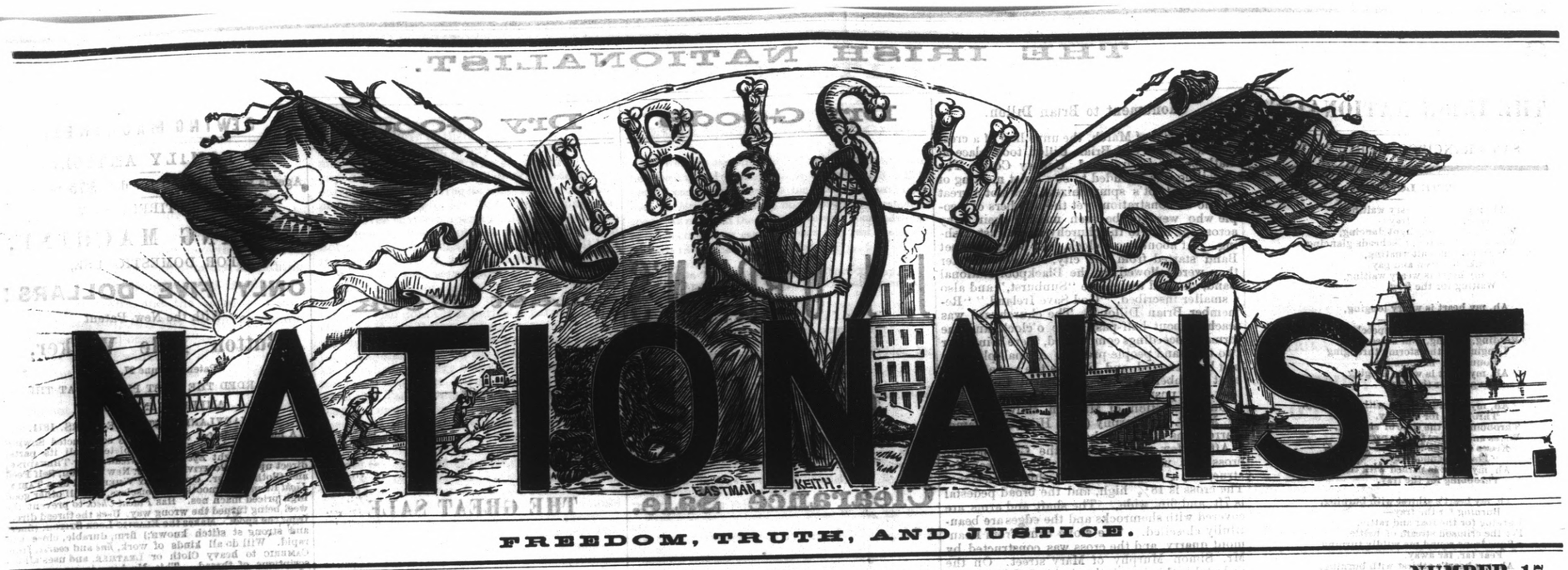

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

VOLUME II. San Francisco, Saturday, April 25, 1874. NUMBER 17.

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AMUSEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH.....Proprietor and Manager
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FRIDAY EVENING.....APRIL 24th,

BENEFIT OF

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND,

When will be presented, in consequence of its Great Success, Mr. G. B. Densmore's dramatization of Mark Twain's latest satire,

THE GILDED AGE!

To conclude with the Fifth Act of

RICHARD III.

J. T. Raymond.....as Richard
J. C. Williamson.....as Richmond

Saturday Afternoon, April 25th—THIRD RAYMOND MATINEE, when will be presented the intensely interesting drama of CAMILLE, in which the eminent English Artist, MISS FLORENCE COLVILLE, will make her first appearance here as "Camille." J. T. Raymond as "Gaston."

Saturday Evening—GRAND COMBINATION. MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND as Zeikel Homespun, MR. WM. HOSKINS as Dr. Pangloss, in Colman's fine old Comedy —THE HEIR AT LAW.

Tuesday, April 28th—First Benefit of MR. ROBERT M. EBERLE, Stage Manager.

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Cor. New Montgomery and Mission sts.,

EVERY EVENING,

Also, Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons.

FIRST WEEK OF THE

Great Dockrill-Kenebel

PARISIAN

CIRCUS TROUPE!

—INCLUDING—

Mlle. Dockrill, the Equestrian Queen,

MONS. KENEBEL,

The only Grotesque who can make you laugh without saying a word.

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Will introduce his Wonderful Horse.

ELLINGTON,

Supported by a Host of Stars and the

Finest Stud of Horses in the World.

Doors open at 7; performances commence at 8 o'clock. Matinee performances, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, commence at 2 o'clock. Seats can be secured three days in advance. fe21tf

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRY IT:

B. F. BARTON & CO'S

PEERLESS

Yeast Powder

The following unsolicited testimonial, from an entire stranger to us, is worth more than hundreds of solicited or purchased puffs:

EUREKA, January 27, 1873.

MR. BARTON:

Sir: I take pleasure in writing this note to you, to let you know that I have been cooking in the principal towns in California for the past ten years, and I can say that your Yeast Powder is the best that I ever used in that time, or any other time. I have been cooking for twenty years. You can publish this, if you wish.

Yours respectfully,

MR. G. BAILEY,
Eureka, Humboldt Bay.

For the greater convenience of purchasers,

BARTON'S YEAST POWDER

Is put up in packages of one-quarter pound, one, two, five, ten, and twenty pounds, respectively.

Manufactory, 211, 213, Sacramento

fe21tf

St. Patrick's Day in Paris.

St. Patrick's Day was worthily celebrated by the Irish colony in Paris, who evinced their warm recollections of the old land and its associations, even in the midst of a foreign capital, with a foreign language in their ears. Yet all the distinguished names which France delights to honor are not strange to Irish ears. The Dublin "Irishman" thus describes the festivities:

Eminent in France, eminent everywhere is the name of MacMahon, he whom the descendant of monarchs terms the Bayard of modern times; he whom a suffering nation hailed as its hero and its saviour, the one man amongst millions in whom all had confidence. From that regal city of Versailles, where once the great monarch gave way to the Irish Brigade, which had saved his power at Fontenoy, the famous motto: "*Semper et ubique fideles*"—there the descendant of the Irish monarch, Brian the Brave, rules the fair land of grateful and gallant France!

That surely is a wonder of the world, one of those manifestations of Providence in history which smites to the earth the ceaseless calumnies heaped upon the noble Irish race, and rebukes the rigid laws which hindered it from eminence in its own green island. But it is not all. Open the French army list at random, and glance at the Irish names you will find in almost every page.

With such an array of Irish names, covering hearts that are not forgetful of the green isle whence they sprung, it would be strange, indeed, if the National Festival of Ireland had passed unnoticed and unhonored in the capital of France. For the last few years, during the war, siege, and troublous after times the social gathering was omitted in deference to the general suffering. This year it has again auspiciously revived around an exquisite dinner in the salons of the celebrated Vefour, in the Palais Royal.

An invitation had been forwarded to Maurice Patrick MacMahon, son of the President, and student of the celebrated military college of St. Cyr. In reply, a most courteous letter was received intimating the pleasure which the acceptance of such an invitation would give, but stating that the rules of St. Cyr were inflexible, at this season in especial, when the Easter examinations were in progress. Among the others who received invitations were:

Compte O'Connell, Mr. Tuite, Col. MacDermott, Capt. Compte O'Kelly, Viscount Walsh, Lieutenant Colonel O'Brien, Compte Theobald Dillon, Captain Plunkett, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. O'Ryan, M. O'Kerrins Hyde, Mr. J. O'Kerrins Hyde, Commandant Corbett, Col. O'Shee, Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone, Professor O'Kelly, Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, Rev. Mr. Logue, D. D.; Rev. Mr. Fenelly, Mr. J. P. Leonard, Mr. M. Leonard, M. Lesage, M. W. Stackpool, Comte de Nugent, Sir Roland Biennerhassett, Dr. George Sigerson, Member of the Royal Irish Academy.

The chair was taken by Commandant Corbett, a venerable and distinguished man. Born in Ireland, he went to France at an early age following his brother, afterwards the General Corbett. He was educated in the Irish College, then a lay institution, with Mr. O'Shee, afterwards his comrade in arms, and now Colonel. Mr. Corbett first achieved distinction under Napoleon the Great; he fought in the Russian campaign, of which he relates some vivid incidents; he fought also at Fleurus and Quatre-Bras; under Louis XVIII. in Spain, and was a fellow-soldier of the brave Irish Commandant Byrne in the Grecian War of Independence. Aide-de-camp to General Gemau at Rome, in 1852, he retired some time after, owing to advancing age. But, during the siege of Paris by the Prussians, he sought and received the command of two battalions of the National Guards, and led them to a skirmish with the Prussians on the same ground he had fought their fathers in 1814!

After dinner had been concluded, the Chairman arose, and, speaking in French, in a few well-chosen words proposed the health of Marshal MacMahon, President of France. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Chairman then proposed the healths of the Vice-Presidents. Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone and Mr. J. P. Leonard, who, he might say, were urbanity and courtesy personified.

The toast having been duly honored, and thanks returned in apt and fitting words, M. Leonard next proposed the Memory of the Dead.

Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, whose name was coupled with the toast, responded by a short apposite address, and concluded by reciting his exquisite and spirited translation into French of "The Battle Eve of the Brigade."

M. Leonard then gave the toast of "Ireland," and coupled with it the name of Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, as the most recent visitor from the Emerald Isle.

Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, responding to the toast, in fitting terms, thanked them for the mention of his name. It was impossible to be present at such a festive gathering, without perceiving that part of the history of Ireland was represented there, that night. Referring then to Irish Literature, he begged to propose that toast, in connection with the name of Dr. Sigerson, of the Royal Irish Academy.

Dr. Sigerson responded, in a short address, in which he alluded to the brilliant achievements of the ancestors of those present, whose lives united not only two nations but two epochs. He then proposed the health of the President, which was received with acclamation.

On adjourning to the saloon, a rich musical treat was afforded by the eminent musical composer, M. O'Kelly.

OUR DUBLIN LETTER.

DUBLIN, March 28th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist:

SIR—The general elections are over and one can look round now and turn his attention to his ordinary business. Never within the memory of living men—no! not even at the elections preceding Catholic Emancipation did the Irish people take such interest in Parliamentary agitation. The nation has fairly thrown itself into the Home Rule movement, and no matter how this struggle ends the results will be beneficial to the country. On the one hand, if Home Rule be attained, it will unquestionably be a most beneficial measure, and one which will enormously increase and develop the material resources of the country, while it will give as much control over our own internal affairs as the State Legislature of California has over State affairs. On the other hand, if the Home Rule agitation fails, it gives the death-blow to Parliamentary agitation in Ireland; a consummation, which is, in my eyes, just as good as the first.

Meanwhile, while Home Rule is working honestly, it would be unpatriotic and treacherous to try to upset it by side winds as some people are trying to do. And now, if the IRISH NATIONALIST is not afraid of a bit of honest and friendly criticism from a sincere well-wisher, I would wish to say a few words in reference to some of your recent articles about Home Rule. First, I have read with deep regret an article in the NATIONALIST which introduces a religious element into the Home Rule struggle, accuses what the NATIONALIST termed "*Butt's Conference*" of pandering to Orangeism, and in its whole tone was calculated to arouse religious bigotry—a thing too easy, God knows, to be aroused in Ireland. Now, the Conference was not *Butt's*, any more than it was Guilbraith's, or Henry's, or Ronayne's. It was a Conference of the Irish people in the truest sense of the word, and therefore the sneer at "*Butt's Conference*" is as untruthful as it is unworthy. The Conference did not "pander to *Orangeism*" any more than it pandered to *Mormonism*, or any other *ism* in the universe. It neither pandered nor petitioned. It formulated the demand of the Irish people and gave it to the world. I saw in your columns that the Conference petitioned the Queen. Why did you not add that it petitioned the Mikado of Japan, the Lama of Thibet, the crowned heads of San Francisco, and some other royal and imperial personages? The Conference petitioned no one—it formulated a platform of the Irish popular demand and left it as a guide for the popular leaders. Whatever you think about Home Rule, you ought at least to give it the justice of a truthful report.

When people decry one mode of procedure, they ought to be prepared with another. If you say the Home Rule movement is a mischievous one, what have you done to help us on to a better one? When I say you, I mean my fellow-countrymen on the Pacific coast. How many of you subscribed the price of one rifle and bayonet, or a hundred rounds of ammunition for Ireland in your life; how many of you have done anything more practical for Ireland since you emigrated than marching in a procession on St. Patrick's Day, and investing in a "national picnic" and a green scarf once or twice a year? Will standing on the ditch and cavilling at us do any practical good? Set to work yourselves, and form or join an organization which shall have some higher and nobler object than meeting at stated times to pass resolutions consisting of ten "whereases" and one "resolution." Show us your sympathy *practically*, and let us hear some better report of you than that "the Hickory Guards," or "Company A, high-falutin Milesians, met at Bunkum Hall" and "passed resolutions towards freeing Ireland." When you act thus, your suggestions and advice will be received with respect. The man who sends into Ireland one solitary rifle has done more for his country than a whole legion of the national picnickers and Hickory Guards will ever do.

Having said so much on this subject, let me turn to something else. I suppose your exchanges have ere this informed you that W. H. O'Sullivan, of Killmallock, ex-political prisoner, has been elected M. P. for County Limerick. The contest was a severe one. The priests did their best (as they always do) against the national candidate, still he headed the poll, getting 3,520 votes, while his colleague, Synan, got 2,856, and Kelly, the *protege* of Bishops Butler and Dean O'Brien, got 995. I see only one thing to console Kelly—give him a companion set of cutlery to the one you sent Bishop Butler, and then, perhaps, his hopes of election next time will be as bright as the steel. How many of you that subscribed for that set of cutlery ever sent a dollar home for the Amnesty Association, or the families of the political prisoners? The latter, God help them, have no great use of table cutlery, for they have not much eatables to cut. As you are at the presentation dodge, let me give you a few hints: Present Dean O'Brien with a gold watch, the one he got from the Repealers at Halifax is nearly worn out; present Dr. Moriarty with an address for his consistent nationality; present Judge Keogh with a lump sum to buy an annuity; do anything but present the men at home with a few rifles; on no account do this latter, it is too practical, and you can't make speeches over it, at least not here, nor see your names figuring in leaded type in some newspaper.

Coercion Acts are flourishing vigorously here now. A band from Carlanstown, Co. Meath, went out to play at the Cavan election the other day; coming home, some boys with them *laughed at the police* as they passed through Carlanstown; the police followed them into their band-room, shoved them about, and called them a "band of beggars," "a drunken pack of blackguards," etc., but got no chance of arresting them. The sergeant, however, was not to be done so easily as that. The Carlanstown district is proclaimed: the sun set that evening, the constables swore, at fifty-four minutes past four. It was between six and seven when the band-men left their room to go home. The police followed them, and arrested Matthew Kiernan and Owen Reilly *for being out after sunset* in a proclaimed district. The young fellows were knocked about, searched, locked up for the night, brought before a magistrate and bailed to appear to stand their trial. Stand their trial!—for what?—for walking the public road between six and seven o'clock in the evening. You ought to send that constable a set of cutlery. His hopes are bright, too—for promotion.

I suppose you heard how John O'Connor Power addressed the electors of Mayo, and was subsequently induced to withdraw. Since that time, Father Lavelle has kept up a series of ferocious attacks on Mr. Power—attacks whose whole tone are as strongly marked by personal antipathy as political tergiversation; for I am sorry to say that Father Lavelle is hardly as pronounced a Nationalist now as he was some time ago.

The telegraph will have ere now told you how Col. Taylor defeated Mr. C. S. Parnell, the Home Rule candidate, for Co. Dublin. It is a pity that Parnell lost. He comes of a good stock on both sides. His paternal grandfather, who was Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer in 1799, was dismissed from his post because he would not vote for the Union. His maternal grandfather, Stewart, was one of the founders of the United States navy. His mother's house was twice searched for arms in '66 and '67. Col. Taylor is chiefly remarkable for a hatred of everything Irish, and for being one of the strongest supporters Whalley had in his proposition for the inspection of convents.

It is currently believed here now, and with good grounds for the belief, that Disraeli will release the remaining political prisoners. Perhaps, ere these lines are in print, the cable will have borne you the news.

There are still some twenty to thirty prisoners confined, and theirs has been a sad and miserable fate for the past seven years.

There has been no national celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Dublin this year.

For the past fortnight we have been expecting that Disraeli would release the political prisoners. That expectation has been rudely disappointed.

Geo. Ryan, M. P. for Kilkenny County, and W. H. O'Sullivan, M. P. for Limerick County, drew up the requisition, of which I subjoin a copy below, and worked hard to obtain signatures. The following is the document as presented to Disraeli:

"We, the undersigned members of the House of Commons, think it right to declare that in our opinion the time has come when it would be an act of wise and generous policy to release without distinction the prisoners who are still confined in connection with the political disturbances which occurred several years ago in Ireland."

George Bryan, Lord Conyngham, N. D. Murphy, the Chevalier Keyes O'Cleary, A. Moore, R. P. Blennerhassett, George Errington, E. J. Synan, W. O'Sullivan, J. O'Keeffe, R. Power, George Morris, C. Fay, J. K. Cross (English member), Sir J. M. McKenna, A. M. Sullivan, Lord Mayor Brooks, W. Shaw, T. Connolly, Isaac Butt, Lord Robert Montagu, Mitchell Henry, Sergeant Simon (English member), J. Ronayne, the Hon. C. French, W. Redmond, Dr. O'Leary, Charles Meldon, Sir P. O'Brien, Sir John Gray, Captain Stacpoole, E. Shiel, J. G. Biggar, J. Dunbar, J. Martin, J. G. McCarthy, Sir John Esmonde, E. Dease, Major O'Gorman, Captain Nolan, Sergeant Sherlock, T. Tighe, P. Smyth, R. O'Shaughnessy, G. Brown, N. Ennis, E. Collins, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles White, the Hon. W. O'Callaghan, A. Swanston, The O'Donoghue, Mr. W. Whitworth, Sir C. O'Loghlen, Mr. Patrick Martin, Mr. K. Digby, The O'Conor Don, Dr. Brady, Philip Callan, McCarthy Downing, H. A. Herbert O'Donnell (Galway), Right Hon. W. F. Cogan.

The foregoing declaration was presented to Disraeli by the following deputation:

Sir J. Neal McKenna, Sir P. O'Brien, the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Mr. Brooks), Sir John Gray, Mr. Denis O'Conor, The O'Donoghue, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the Chevalier Keyes O'Cleary, Sir George Bowyer, Major O'Gorman, Dr. Brady, Mr. Henry Herbert, Mr. O'Callaghan, Mr. Callan, Mr. O'Keeffe, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Redmond, Mr. E. J. Synan, Mr. K. Digby, Mr. George Bryan, Mr. Ronayne, Sergeant Simon, Mr. O'Byrne, Mr. R. Power, Mr. H. O'Sullivan, Mr. Shaw, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Collins, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Moore, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. Browne, Mr. P. Martin, Mr. Shiel, M. Blennerhassett, Lord Francis Conyngham, Mr. Isaac Butt, Mr. Tighe, Mr. M. Henry, Captain Nolan, Hon. C. French, George Errington, Mr. Meldon, J. Dodds, Stockton, and F. Pennington, Stockport.

The following M. P.s spoke strongly in favor of complete amnesty:

George Bryan (Kilkenny County), Sir J. M. McKenna (Youghal), Sir George Bowyer (Wexford County), Philip Callan (Dundalk), Henry A. Herbert (Kerry County), K. T. Digby (Queen's County), Lord F. Conyngham (Clare County).

Disraeli referred the deputation to the Home Secretary, Cross, M. P. for Louth, West Lancashire, who "refused to interfere with the ordinary course of the law." Once more the expectations of the people have been raised high, only to disappoint them; once more the aching hearts of the prisoners have been tortured by raising hopes only to dash them to the ground.

I will say more of this in my next, CELT.

LOS ANGELES AND CERRO GORDO RAILROAD.—On the 17th a meeting was held in Los Angeles, to consider the project for a railroad from that city to Cerro Gordo. Ex-Governor Downey said that while in the city of San Francisco he interviewed W. C. Ralston in regard to this proposed railroad. Ralston thought the enterprise was one worth the attention of capitalists, and gave the assurance that his means would be invested in prosecuting the work to speedy completion, and he hoped that other capitalists would also be induced to subscribe liberally to the stock of the Company.

Governor Downey, however, thought that the initiatory work of subscription ought to be commenced among those most closely connected and to be benefited by the construction of the same. He furthermore stated that it was to be a railroad entirely belonging to Los Angeles and Cerro Gordo, and not to be controlled by any other company; that it would probably be a narrow-gauge railroad, to be built on as economical a basis as possible. The distance from Los Angeles to Owens Lake is 229 miles, and it was estimated that it would cost about $2,500,000, or at the rate of $10,000 per mile to build the road.

A committee was appointed, with power to call another meeting for the development of the question as soon as the incorporators of the road had organized, and the books were ready for subscriptions.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for May is before us, and, with all our good wishes for our California "Mag," we cannot consider it a brilliant number. Mr. Avery's contribution is, as usual, *facile princeps*. Charles Warren Stoddard contributes a very readable article, *Lanfrey's Napoleon* concludes, and makes up, with the two mentioned above, the best of the magazine. Daniel O'Connell sends a neatly finished copy of verses, but we regard with astonishment and disappointment the other efforts of the *Overland* Muse. What can Miss Coolbrith be thinking of? We had expected better things from her pen. Yet another page is occupied by what we will in charity call a poem, styled *An Invocation*, which is open to more numerous and severe strictures than anything of the same length we have seen. We will expect better next month.

On to-morrow (Sunday, the 26th) the Hibernia Rifles will entertain their freinds at San Rafael. The character of the Rifles for conducting their excursions in an orderly and agreeable manner is too well known to need comment. Everything which human foresight can do to secure a pleasant day has been done, and well done. The commodious steamer *Contra Costa* has been chartered for the occasion, and the securing of Alper's celebrated Band sets at rest all misgivings on the score of music. Races, games, and all kinds of merry-making will be the order of the day. *Dulce est desipere in loco* is a wise saying, and we know of no "loco" where more genuine enjoyment may be had than at Laurel Grove, San Rafael to-morrow, with the Hibernia Rifles, whose well-approved patriotism must ever commend them especially to an Irish heart.

THE following officers of the A. O. H. have been elected in Yuba county:

C. D., Dan Donahoe (re-elected).

Division No. 1, Marysville—President, T. C. Martin; Vice-President, T. Farrell (re-elected); Recording Secretary, Jno. Walsh (re-elected); Financial Secretary, Jno. Lydon (re-elected); Treasurer, Wm. Walsh.

Division No. 2, Sucker Flat—President, Jno. McQuade (re-elected); Vice-President, Patrick Butler (re-elected); Recording Secretary, Jno. Harvey (re-elected); Financial Secretary, Jno. Mullin; Treasurer, Con. Enright.

SEVERAL English ships, with assorted cargoes, are now on their way from Liverpool to San Diego.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 25, 1874.

THE LONGING.

Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray—
Waiting for the sunlight dancing,
Where the bristling pikeheads glancing,
With the rifles alternating,
Banks in green and gay.
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray.

Ah, my heart is weary longing,
Longing for the fray—
Longing to escape from speeching,
Reading, writing, and beseeching,
Longing for the stormy thronging
Round our banners gay.
Ah, my heart is weary longing,
Longing for the fray.

Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the fray,
Throbbing for the time of starting,
Wives and sisters fondly parting,
Kisses from the loved one robbing,
"Love, I cannot stay."
Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the fray.

Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
Burning for the fray—
Burning for the roar and rattle,
For the crimson stream of battle,
Squadrons round me wildly turning,
Fear far, far away.
Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
Burning for the fray.

Waiting, calm, determined, steady,
Waiting for the fray,
Spring goes by with preparations,
Baffled law and stern ovations—
Summer comes. That we be ready,
God of hosts, I pray.
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray.

A Saint and His Followers.

"Saint Patrick was a gentleman," as we are assured by his vehement admirers of to-day. My memory of his chevalier bearing and personal behavior is a little obscure, but how the grand old name of gentleman may cling around the humblest of his modern followers, let me dash upon record.

The "day" was celebrated in Washington as elsewhere. The inevitable procession was on the tramp early in the forenoon, and it was better food for the eyes than I had ever seen on a like occasion. Fully 1,500 sinewy Irishmen put one broad foot before the other for hours, and the march took in the larger portion of the city. Every hardy son of Brian Boru in the ranks was in uniform, and the attire was striking as a hussar's, yet as consistent as a Knight Templar's. The leaders and retinues were all members of society organizations, and there was a refined sameness in the entire insignia. Malachi may have been stunning in the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader, but his descendants in the Washington St. Patrick procession were uniformed in a much chaster and more uniform rig.

Toward the close of the afternoon the turnout had to pass a Catholic asylum for orphan boys. It was a glorious day, and the good Sisters had ranged the little chaps upon the steps and veranda, that they might drink in the sunshine and shout for "the trainers."

On swung the column, and as its front swept by the asylum, the swords flew to a "present," and the green-plumed chapeaux were lifted from every Irish head. Half of the line had passed, when suddenly the chief marshal galloped back, and a lusty "halt" rang out. The tired feet were at once at rest; the banners hung limp; the drums, fifes, and horns were silent.

"Now, men, let's see what we can do for the poor little fellows yonder," roared the chief. As he spoke, he whipped off his jaunty hat, and tossed into it a greenback.

The nest, with its egg, was handed along the line, and was soon running over with "scrip" and bills. Other hats were metamorphosed into similar contribution-boxes, and currency galore accrued. Soon, a party of six or eight officers stepped to the building, dumped the headgears' welcome loads into the Sister's lap, and quietly strode away again.

The chubby orphans cheered, and screamed, and tried to stand on their parentless heads. It was puddings, and new jackets, and cosy beds to them, and they yelled themselves into an ecstatic infantile frenzy.

The patient Sisters tried to look humble, and unmindful of a wicked world and its vanities. But a glimmer of triumph would shoot from the thankful eyes, and there was more of joyous pride in their wan faces than had shone for many a year.

The outside crowd slashed its multitudinous coat-sleeve and handkerchief into its eyes, and cheered until the young buds in the adjacent trees struggled fiercely on their twigs, and endeavored to prematurely burst their way to light, that they might learn the cause of all this early Spring racket.

The forward word was given, the bands blared, and the light-hearted sons of Irish kings trudged around the corner.—*Times Correspondent from Washington.*

THE *N. Y. Tribune* figures up the national, State, county, town and city debts of the people of the State of New York to be $546,000,000, or more than $500 for each adult male inhabitant. New York pays one-eventh of the national taxes, and t is proportion must be assumed in the payment of the national debt, which would be $315,000,000. The aggregate of local indebtedness at the beginning of 1873 was $180,000,000. Add to these sums the State indebtedness, and we have the total stated above. The exhibit is startling, and ought to prove a warning that economy of resources, the curtailment of personal extravagances, are absolutely essential to the maintenance of our integrity and preservation from bankruptcy and ruin.

PASS MANAHAC, a fishing island near the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, Louisiana, has been deserted by the colony of fishermen who have inhabited it for twenty years past. Alexander, the Postmaster, had a row with the people, and weapons were used, a railroad train being fired into and one man killed. Fearing the vengeance of the Federal officials the inhabitants deserted the place in a body, leaving the Postmaster in sole possession.

EUROPEAN WAGES.—Sixty cents a day is considered good wages for workingmen in any of the European countries except Great Britain, where wages are somewhat higher. In Tyrol silk region and in Italy, they often do not get more than ten cents a day. In the country in Germany ten cents a day is the common pay. Women there often get but ten cents. In Sweden men often work from four in the morning until nine in the evening and do not get any more. During the war many poor women hired to knit stockings for soldiers at five cents. The profits of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinckets in the streets, or act as sutlers, do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of prices, get five cents for cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels from three to eight dollars per month. Servant girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year. Sometimes these classes cannot get work at any price.

THE grain crop of Stanislaus County is estimated at 7,500,000 bushels.

Monument to Brian Dillon.

On the 22d of March, the unveiling of a cross to the memory of Brian Dillon took place at Rathcooney Churchyard, County Cork. The unveiling was intended to be a quiet meeting of the late patriot's sympathizers, and not a great public demonstration, yet the numbers of people who were to be seen making their away across the field to the churchyard was astonishing. At about two o'clock, the Barrack-street Band started from the city, and shortly after they were followed by the Blackpool National Band, who had their large "Sunburst," and also a smaller inscribed, "God Save Ireland," "Remember Brian Dillon." The churchyard was reached about half-past three o'clock, and the formal proceedings commenced, there being over two thousand people present. A small platform had been erected, and on this the more prominent members of the Monument Committee took their position.

On the motion of Mr. Wm. Haly, seconded by Mr. P. J. Murphy (Fair Hill), Mr. James Barrett was moved to the chair.

After a few remarks from the Chairman the cross was unveiled. It is really a beautiful structure, a Celtic cross of white limestone. The cross is 18½ high, and the broad pedestal is 7ft. and 6in. wide. The shaft and arms are covered with shamrocks and the edges are beautifully chiselled. The stone came from Beanmont quarry, and the cross was constructed by Mr. Simon Murphy of Mary street. On the pedestal is this inscription in black lettering:—"God Save Ireland. To the memory of Brian Dillon, whose life was devoted and sacrificed to his country's cause, and his fellow-citizens remembering his worth have erected this cross. Born 1830, died 1872."

The band having played "God Save Ireland" with vocal accompaniment.

Mr. John O'Callaghan delivered an eloquent address on the career of Brian Dillon. He stated that when James Stephens initiated the Fenian movement in Cork, Dillon was one of the first of his lieutenants, and that later on he was the heart and soul of the movement, inspiring the leaders in the country districts, and confronting the wavererers by his earnestness and power.

Having dwelt at some length upon the high spirit with which Dillon bore his suffering, and the moral of his correct and patient life, the speaker continued:—And now it is for me to ask your attention to the lesson which is to be learned from the noble life—the object of that life's work was that Ireland should again be one among the nations, for as a nation her people being free would consequently be prosperous as well as happy. Fenianism has, unhappily, not accomplished these results. Home Rule has now taken its place, and the Ireland of Fenianism has given its adherence to the new movement, and in doing so has made it a great power. That, however, is not "veiled rebellion," for when this country went in for rebellion, as it is called, its action was not veiled, but cloaked, the prying eyes of English politicians could not penetrate its secret operations. The Nationalists of this country intend to give Home Rule a fair trial, and if England's statesmen cannot be brought to see that the granting of it would but weld both nations together for the good of each, if they refuse to see that England's power on the Continent of Europe cannot be again resumed without Ireland's assistance' evils to England will most assuredly follow. A new Fenianism will most assuredly arise, more widespread, more intense, and more successful than that to which Brian Dillon became a martyr, for men will again be found whose motto too shall be as was that of the heroes of Manchester—

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

Yet if this Home Rule movement be brought to a successful issue, and the Federal arrangement be conceded by the British Government then the sacrifice of this life and those of the many we now mourn shall not have been given altogether in vain. We now unveil this statue, and may the memory of the man above whom it stands last as long in the affectionate remembrance of his country as the stone on which his epitapth is engraven will bear the brunt of the storms. "May God give his soul rest." and "May God save Ireland" (continued applause). As the cross was erected within the octave of the anniversary of St. Patrick, and as Ireland's nationality has always been blended with its faith, it would be a most appropriate course to recite the Litany of the Dead.

The Litany for the Dead was then recited. All knelt and joined heartily in the responses. At the conclusion the vast assemblage dispersed.

Morgue Items.

The extraordinary number of murders and suicides which have been committed lately makes it worth while to revise the criminal statistics since the 1st of January, 1874; the result showing 16 suicides and 8 murders, occurring in the following order:—

January 1—Charles Miller, suicide by poison, 51 Stevenson street.
January 4—Jean Le Meire, suicide by suffocation, 634 Pacific street.
January 11—John Hessin, suicide by poison, What Cheer House.
January 14—Letitia E. D. Torrence, suicide by shooting, corner Washington and Kearny streets.
January 19—Randolph Mitchell, suicide (throat cut), Drouilhat Hotel.
January 19—Annie Mitchell, killed (throat cut by husband), Drouilhat Hotel.
January 19—Patrick Linehan, killed by a l1ow (homicide), 518 Mission street.
January 24—C. A. Leyner, suicide by shooting, Montgomery court.
February 4—Chinaman (unknown), suicide by hanging, barn near San Miguel.
February 7—James Howden, suicide by poison, Lick House.
March 5—George Mason, suicide (throat cut), Pacific Lodging House.
March 16—O. P. Robie, suicide (shot), 923 Washington street.
March 21—Yeo Chong, gunshot wound (probably murder), 736 Commercial street.
March 21—B. Bernardino, a suicide (shot), beyond Butchertown.
March 24—Louis Romero, murder (stabbed), on Green street.
March 26—John J. Bentler, suicide (shot), 726 Mission street.
March 29—Wilhelm Frederichsen, suicide (shot), ocean beach.
April 1—Thomas Bird, suicide (throat cut), corner Clementina and Ecker streets.
April 5—Edward Kingsford Kochemrath, homicide (shot), corner Third and Mission streets.
April 5—Edward B. Condon, suicide, (shot), corner Third and Mission streets.
April 7—Michael Fahey shot in head, 47 Third street.
April 8—E. V. Caldwell, shot in head, 120 Third street.
April 12—J. Fleming, murder (stabbed), 807 Howard street.
April 14—Dr. A. A. Farnsworth, suicide (shot through the heart), 933 Howard street.

WILLIE CALDWELL of Boyle county, Ky., has eight Berkshire sows that have given birth to eighty-seven pigs within twenty days, seventy-one of the number living and looking fine.

THE Oregon State election will occur the first Monday in June.

Dry Goods.

J. J. O'BRIEN'S

GREAT ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY informed that our Great Annual Sale commences TO-MORROW (Monday), February 2d, and will be continued for twenty-six days. During that time the entire stock will be sold at a tremendous reduction.

The subjoined list of prices will give some idea of the reductions made, but to fully understand and appreciate the bargains that are now offered, ladies would do well to call and examine the Stock, compare prices, etc., (which I respectfully invite all intending purchasers to do) before purchasing elsewhere:

	Worth	Reduced to
BLACK SILKS,	$2 25	$1 25
BLACK SILKS,	2 50	1 50
BLACK SILKS,	3 00	2 00
BLACK SILKS,	3 25	2 25
BLACK SILKS,	3 50	2 50
BLACK SILKS,	4 00	2 75

☞ 20 pieces French Cros Grain Black and White Striped Silks, reduced to 75 cents a yard; original price, $1 25.
100 pieces Irish Poplins (Imitation), reduced to 25 cents a yard.
200 pieces Fine Wool Serges, reduced to 40 cents a yard.
50 pieces French Velours, 25 cents a yard; original price, 60 cents.
100 pieces English Poplin Alpaca, reduced to 25 cents a yard.

BLACK GOODS
ALL MARKED DOWN.
GOOD BLACK ALPACA,
25 cents a yard.
BEAUTIFUL BLACK CASHMERE,
75c. a yard; worth $1 25.

500 Wool Shawls (72x72), reduced to $1 50 each.
Large Heavy Gray Blankets, reduced to $2 a pair.
Large Size Marseilles Quilts, reduced to $1 each.
Large Size Linen Napkins, reduced to $1 a dozen.
Large Size Linen Towels, reduced to $1 a dozen.
Double Width Sheeting, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Unbleached table Linen, reduced to 20 cents a yard.
Handsome Nottingham Lace Curtains, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Wool Shaker Flannel, reduced to 25 cents a yard
Good Canton Flannel, reduced to 12½ cents a yard.
Oregon Scarlet Twilled Flannel, reduced to 37½ cents a yard.
Plain Scarlet Flannel, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Scotch Ginghams, reduced to 12½ cents a yard.
All Linen Crash, 12 yards for $1.
Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 12½ cents each.
Gents' All Linen Handkerchiefs, 12½ cents each.
French Kid Gloves, 60 cents a pair.
Jouvin's Kid Gloves (First Choice), reduced to $1 25.
150 Beautiful Sashes, reduced to Half Price.
Men's Heavy Merino Shirts and Drawers, reduced to 50 cents a pair.
Ladies' English Merino Vests, reduced to 75 cents each.
Misses' and Boys' Merino Vests, reduced to 50 cents each.
Men's White and Colored Shirts, reduced to 75 cents each.
500 pairs Splendid French Corsets, reduced to 50 cents a pair.
Ladies' Scarfs, Bows, Lace Collars, and Fancy Goods reduced o one-quarter the original prices.

Bargains of Everything!
Bargains for the Million!
....AT....
J. J. O'BRIEN'S
606 Market street,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

☞ Ladies will please remember that the Store will be closed at 6 o'clock during the sale.
f14tf

Dry Goods.

Last Week
—OF—
THE GREAT SALE
—AT—
J. C. TALBOT & CO.'S,

28 Kearny St.

DRY GOODS!

—AT A—
TREMENDOUS REDUCTION

No Such Chance ever before offered in this City to buy Goods at such prices as we will sell them for during this week.

NOTICE
TO MILLINERS AND OTHERS.

WE WILL OFFER ON MONDAY AND FOLLOWING DAYS
BLACK SILK LACE, DOTTED.
BLACK SILK STREAMER LACE.
BLACK BRUSSELS LACE.
BLACK SPANISH LACE.
All of which will be sold for
TWO BITS ON THE DOLLAR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

10 Bales of California Blankets will be sold less than mill prices. also, 100 of the Finest Toilet Bedspreads will be closed out at 30 cents on the dollar; also, 1,000 Patterns in Fine French Embroideries will be sold at half price.

☞ The attention of those in want of Dry Goods is particularly requested to this important sale, as seldom will they have as favorable an opportunity of purchasing the very best goods at decidedly low prices.

BY ORDER OF
J. C. TALBOT & CO.
f14tf

SEWING MACHINES.

A FAMILY ARTICLE.
Agents make $12 50 per day, $75 per week
AN ENTIRELY NEW
SEWING MACHINE,
FOR DOMESTIC USE,
ONLY FIVE DOLLARS!
With the New Patent
Button Hole Worker,
Patented June 27, 1871.
AWARDED THE FIRST PREMIUM AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE AND MARYLAND INSTITUTE FAIRS, 1871.

A most wonderful and elegantly constructed SEWING MACHINE for Family Work. Complete in all its parts. Uses the Straight *Eye Pointed Needle*, SELF-THREADING, direct upright POSITIVE MOTION, New Tension, Self Feed and Cloth Guider. Operates BY WHEEL and on a TABLE. *Light Running.* Smooth and noiseless, like all other good high-priced machines. Has *Patent Check* to prevent the weel being turned the wrong way. Uses the thread direct from the spool. Makes the ELASTIC LOCK STITCH, (finest and strongest stitch known;) firm, durable, close and rapid. Will do all kinds of work, *fine* and *coarse*, from CAMBRIC to heavy Cloth or LEATHER, and uses all descriptions of thread. This Machine is HEAVILY CONSTRUCTED to give it STRENGTH; all the parts of each Machine being *made alike by machinery*, and beautifully finished and ornamented. It is very easy to learn. *Rapid, Smooth* and *Silent* in operation. Reliable at all times, and a PRACTICAL, SCIENTIFIC, MECHANICAL INVENTION, at *Greatly Reduced Price.*

A Good, Cheap, Family Sewing Machine at last. The first and only success in producing a valuable, substantial and reliable low-priced Sewing Machine. Its extreme low price reaches all conditions. Its simplicity and strength adapts it to all capacities, while its many merits make it a universal favorite wherever used, and creates a rapid demand.

IT IS ALL IT IS RECOMMENDED.

I can cheerfully and confidently recommend its use to those who are wanting a really good Sewing Machine, at a low price. MRS. H. B. JAMESON,
Peotone, Will County, Ill.

Price of each Machine, "Class A." "One," (warranted for five years by special certificate,) with *all the fixtures*, and *everything complete* belonging to it, including SELF THREADING NEEDLE, packed in a strong wooden box, and delivered to *any part* of the country, by express, FREE of further charges, on receipt of price, ONLY FIVE DOLLARS. Safe delivery guaranteed. With each Machine we will send, on receipt of $1 *extra*, the new patent
BUTTON HOLE WORKER,
One of the most important and useful inventions of the age. So simple and certain, that a child can work the finest button hole with regularity and ease. Strong and beautiful.

SPECIAL TERMS and *Extra* Inducements to MALE and FEMALE *Agents*, Storekeepers, &c., who will establish agencies through the country and keep our NEW MACHINES on *Exhibition* and *Sale*. COUNTY RIGHTS given to smart agents FREE. Agents' *complete outfit* furnished without any EXTRA CHARGE. Samples of *sewing*, descriptive circulars containing *Terms*, Testimonials, Engravings, &c., &c., SENT FREE. We also supply
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
Latest Patents and Improvements for the Farm and Garden, Mowers, Reapers, Cultivators, Feed Cutters, Harrows, Farm Mills, Planters, Harvesters, Threshers and all articles needed for Farm work. Rare seeds in large variety. All Money sent in Post Office Money Orders, Bank Drafts, or by Express, will be at our risk, and are perfectly secure. Safe delivery of all our goods guaranteed.

"An old and responsible firm that sell the best goods at the lowest price, and can be relied upon by our readers."—*Farmers' Journal, New York.*

ADDRESS ORDERS
BUCKLAND SEWING MACHINE,
COR. GREENWICH & CORTLANDT STREETS, N. Y
sep20-6m

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

---AT THE---
American Exchange Cigar Stand
You can always find a good assortment of the best brands of Imported Havana Cigars, Plug Tobacco etc.
[dec27-tf.]

-----AT THE-----
Brooklyn Hotel Cigar Stand
You can find a good assortment of Havana Cigars, and a full supply of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, etc
[no29-tf]

S. A. GORDON. M. BURKE.
Market street Cigar Store,
GORDON & BURKE,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HAVANA CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
843 MARKET STREET,
Opposite Fourth street.....SAN FRANCISCO
f14tf

A. GREENEBAUM,
(Successor to HERMAN HEUCK,)
No. 239 KEARNY ST., Cor. of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.
MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Havana and Domestic Cigars,
Smoking and Chewing Tobaccoes, Snuffs, Matches, Pipes, etc. Direct Importers from Manufacturers. Lorrillard's Coarse Reppee, Maccaboy, Scotch and Lundyfoot Snuffs, Gail and Ax's and F. A. Goetz's German and American Smoking Tobaccoes. my 31-3m

B. C. DUFFY,

CIGAR
Manufacturer.
No. 950 Market Street,
Corner of Powell,
SAN FRANCISCO.
We employ none but white help.
ja1-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELMONT PARK
NOW OPEN AGAIN FOR THE PIC-NIC SEASON. Military Companies and Societies wishing to make arrangements for pic-nics, will do well to visit these grounds before going anywhere else, as they are this season able to get railroad accommodations again. For further particulars inquire of WM. JANKE, every day, between 2 and 3 o'clock, at Smit 's cigar store, corner Washington and Kearny sts. fe21tf

South End Oyster House.
FOR the Freshest, Juiciest and Fattest Transplante or California Oysters, or a good Welsh Rarebit or Crab Stew, go to
MANNING'S OYSTER HOUSE,
672 Howard St., near Third (late of the Blue Wing Saloon.) sep13-tf

Westminster Wisdom.

(From the Dublin Irish nan.)

It cannot be said that the Home Rule members have lost time in taking up a distinctive position before Parliament. The gain in the direction proclaimed is not, perhaps, very obvious, but there is a gain nevertheless. This time the Irish people have obtained something, which is the knowledge, that of the fifty-nine Irish Home Rulers, and the score of British Home Rulers, only *fifty* put in an appearance upon this eventful occasion.

That is the first winnowing of the corn heap, and about one-sixth of it has turned out to be mere chaff. With the best wish in the world, we cannot expect that a second winnowing will prove that there has been an error in this computation. Now is the day of fresh grain; now the sap sent aloft by the gushing cheers at the hustings still lingers in the corn. If a share of it fly away now, at the first breath of trial, we can hardly expect better things on a second trial, when time shall have staled, and withered, and dried these chosen members. On the contrary, it is possible that a second winnowing may shake off some more chaff—and the sooner the better, if it is to be. The Irish people can have no wish whatever to be deceived, and they shall not be deluded if we can help it.

The debate requires to be summed up. The Queen's Speech having been read, was found, as usual, to consist of soft nothings, and then was moved an Address in reply, consisting of still softer nothings. If mutual compliments between Monarch and Parliament could constitute statesmanship, there never was a country better governed than this. But Ireland is a little tired of hearing the perennial flood of self-gratulation, between their mighty English entities, for it never ceased, even when famine desolated the land, and ceases not now when the Irish people are doomed to "virtual extinction" by disastrous emigration.

When Sir W. Sterling Maxwell brought up the Address, Mr. Butt interposed with a motion on the Irish question. The Queen's Speech had referred to the establishment of a new tribunal of law—a movement tending to greater centralization, we may remark—and the member for Limerick proposed to show that Ireland wanted something else, and more than this. Dissatisfaction prevailed in Ireland, with regard to the system of Government, he said, and complaints were made that the Irish did not enjoy the full benefit of the constitution. It was the duty of Parliament to consider the origin of this dissatisfaction, with a view to its removal. This surely was moderate and mild enough, but the ruling majority—the "tyrant majority"—of Parliament differed from him and the Irish members completely—the fact was not disputed, the inference was. The Irish people were dissatisfied, that was true; there was no denying, and no denial was offered—but that Parliament should take that dissatisfaction into consideration with any view to its removal, that was too sanguine an Irish idea for said Parliament to entertain. It had not had, apparently, to consider anything of the kind; it plainly looked on it as not of its duty to satisfy that "integral part of the Empire called Ireland."

Mr. Butt pleaded with his accustomed force and eloquence. For the first time since the Union a decisive majority of Irish members had been returned pledged to Home Rule—thus ran his argument. It might have been strengthened, perhaps, had he added that at any time from the Union a majority of Irish members pledged to Home Rule would have been returned had the people of Ireland been allowed to return them freely. That it was only by the open force of bayonets and Crowbar Coercion, and by the secret fraud of a cunningly devised voting scheme that Unionists got into Parliament. Mr. Butt rightly repudiated any desire to ask the opinion of the English House as to whether Irishmen were wise in making the demand, it would be well had some of his followers not contradicted his proper and dignified course by endeavoring to convince the English that the Irish are wise in so acting. After stating his case fully, he added a few courteous phrases suitable to the occasion, one of which may be cited as the extreme of politeness—for he said he was "ready to believe that the late House of Commons which had passed the Coercion Act which now existed in Ireland was not aware of the extent of the provisions of that law." Well, we are ready to believe the same thing, if need be—but then we are ready to believe that the late House of Commons neither knew nor cared to know how extensive was the coercion it passed for Ireland.

There must have been, we think, a touch of intentional and refined irony in this expression of Mr. Butt. There is no master of the language who could put more neatly the thought, "the late House of Commons passed extremely extensive and harsh coercion laws for Ireland, the Irish members—or rather a few of them—resisted them to the utmost—the ministers and the members explained them, but I am quite willing to believe that the British Commons passed them without examination, as they would have passed any kind of coercion laws for Ireland, on the asking." However, he did not intend to leave the new House of Commons at liberty to plead ignorance, and gave instances which would cause a cry of horror from the English press, if they had come from Naples, or France, or Spain, a few years ago. "On one occasion," he said, "some young men were going to act one of Shakespeare's plays at Christmas, and one of them, the son of a respectable merchant, had borrowed a broken sword to play 'Hamlet' with. The police entered the theatre, took this young gentleman into custody, and kept him there till the Monday morning, when he was taken before a magistrate." He gave other instances as characteristic, though he omitted to note that in Cork city, the other day, a policeman arrested a young girl of good character, and committed her to jail without a warrant, and that no punishment whatever has followed the outrage.

There was no expression of surprise or of disgust, so far as we could trace, emanating from the new English Commons on learning these facts. It is quite probable that, enlightened as they now are, they would pass the same Coercion Act to-morrow, if it lapsed to-day, and they were asked to do so.

A review of other matters was also made by the orator. It was shown that in English towns one-eighth of the population had the franchise, and in Irish ones one-twentieth. That in England sheriffs were elected by the people, but in Ireland there was not one such instance. That, in fact, "the whole system of the administration of Irish affairs was based on the exclusion of the people from the management of their own affairs." But though this argument is impregnable, it seems based upon rather an unsafe foundation, and that is the supposition that Englishmen are amenable to reasons of justice, and that the English Parliament cares to see a constitution in Ireland.

It is possible that there be such intense ignorance there about Irish affairs, as the Irish members believe in their abundant good nature. But there is a large, a very large body of Irishmen out of Parliament who are skeptical as to any desire that the English Parliament may entertain for improving its ways on the question of Ireland. Plainly, Mr. Butt is more sanguine, he believes they are open to enlightenment, and that, once they see things as they are, they will not persevere in inflicting wrongs on us. It was this hopeful relief which made him say that "We do not seek separation. Ireland has given up the notion of separation, because she had before her a prospect of obtaining a far better thing." No doubt it is perfectly correct to say that the Home Rule members do not seek separation, but it is too sanguine to say that Ireland has altogether given up the notion. It seems to us that there are very many Irishmen who have not given it up, but have postponed any action until this Parliamentary effort be tried; perhaps they the more willingly gave way to the urgent suasion of the Parliamentarians because they believe their efforts will come to nothing, and that the baffled Federalists will then no longer oppose the efforts of the Separatists.

We have no hesitation in stating this, because we believe it to be the truth, and because if English ministers were statesmen they should look upon Mr. Butt as a negotiator of peace.

There is no use in making things pleasant, and prophesying smooth things to the English—though spoken out of the abundance of the heart, they look on it as so much Irish "blarney." 'Tis better to confront oneself and them with the stern truth. 'Tis right to do so. And it is also politic, for if there were no disloyalty in Ireland then part of Mr. Butt's argument fails, that part where he opposes coercion by the military police, saying: "It is the use of this force in the civil government of the country that gives the law the character of a law of conquest, and fosters in the minds of the people a feeling of antagonism to the law"—in other words, a feeling of disloyalty. Disloyalty is the consequence of misgovernment, and when misgovernment exists without this confidence then the misgoverned are contented slaves.

After the Lord Mayor of Dublin had briefly seconded the amendment, a Mr. Chaplin stood up, and taking Home Rule as a text, launched into a long diatribe against the late Ministry, mingling in his indictment the Land Act, the Disestablishment, and the English Publicans' Act.

It is worth while quoting this member's words, because in his prejudiced and artless babbling, he reveals more truly the English sentiment than comes out through the garnished and polished speeches of the "leaders":

"The late Government," he said, "had always been guilty of a double error—first, in supposing that the people of this country (England) ever understood their Irish measures; and, secondly, in supposing that, when they did understand them, they would endorse them. Acting upon this most erroneous impression, the Government proceeded to put into practice their policy of confiscation against almost every institution in England. By a happy accident, or, as you would say, *by* THE INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE, it turned its hands against the Lincensed Victualers. The results were astonishing. There was a general cry of indignation throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the chorus was joined in by everybody who had anything to lose, and the opinion of the country on a policy of confiscation had at length been expressed in the convincing verdict of the general election" (cheers).

Surely the Irish Tory landlords and the Irish Protestant clergymen feel deeply complimented by this. Never was the meanness of their position in English eyes so distinctly defined. They are not regarded "as a little better than his dog, or lower than his horse," but as lower than both horse and dog. They are inferior—quite inferior—to the English Lincensed Victualer. Providence (as interpreted by an English seer) could not look upon the "confiscation" of landlords with toleration, for they were only mere Irish. Providence (as interpreted by the English seer) could see the Church Establishment attacked, sapped, overthrown—for, though that was a Protestant Church, it was the Church of mere Irish Protestants. But the Providence of English believers at once swooped down to avenge a slight offered to the Publicans—for they were not Irish, but English; and therefore were nearer and dearer to the (English) honor than the Irish Landlords or Irish Protestants.

There never was a simpler, nor a truer definition of the views of an ordinary Englishmen in the proper position of things, and ranks of men.

It is before a Parliament made up of men, holding such views, that the Irish members plead! We wish them a happy deliverance—and it must not be thought that we lay undue stress upon this person's speech. It called up the ex-Premier, and in the speech of Mr. Gladstone there is nearly an equal importance given to the demand of the Irish Nation, and the grumbling of the English Publicans. Indeed, though more words can be given to the former, more deference seems paid to the latter. He makes a vigorous effort to clear his party of the terrible charge of having alone interfered with the Licensed Victualers—he insists that both the parties must share the responsibility. But he takes no care to divide any of the responsibility of passing Coercion Acts for Ireland. There is no apology or excuse for that.

The debate furnishes no ground for flourishing declamations about the rapid progress of the Parliamentary policy. It will tend, on the other hand, to chasten and correct any vain ideas and fond fancies which may have sprung up under the balmy breath of electioneering eloquence. The sooner the better. Ireland is only strong when she is freed from false expectations, and stands serene and stern, prepared for either fortune.

The Carlist Insurrection.

The "Irish World" takes the following sensible view of the Spanish troubles:

Nothing very decisive has as yet been accomplished by either of the contending parties before Bilbao, though both claim to have gained advantages of great importance. Telegrams from Carlist sources assert that Serrano's movement against the Royalists has totally failed; that half the forces of the latter could effectually hold him in check; that a revolt has broken out in Bilbao; and that the Carlist General Santos will shortly march upon Madrid with a strong division, cutting off Serrano's communications. That is one side of the story. On the other, the tidings from Madrid announce that the Carlist forces under General Santos have been badly defeated at Valentia; that many of his officers and men have deserted to the Republicans; and that fifteen thousand men are on the way to reinforce Serrano. The only thing that may be relied on is that there have been many days of hard fighting, both sides sustaining severe losses, and ultimately agreeing to a three days' truce for the burial of the dead. A reinforcement of five (possibly fifteen) thousand men is advancing to aid the national troops. This constant turmoil and fighting is a bitter apprenticeship for a nation to pass through; yet, were Don Carlos or some other candidate to restore the monarchy now, it is morally certain that the whole drama of revolution and bloodshed would again be presented before the end of ten years.

Business Directory.

☞ We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the NATIONALIST, each customer may rest assured o corteous treatment and good value:

AMUSEMENTS.
California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny.
Palace Amphitheatre, corner New Montgomery and Mission streets.
Belmont Park, William Janke.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
M F Walsh, 905½ Market street, corner Fifth.
Thos Healy, 677 Mission street, near Third.
Hugh O'Connor, importer Philadelphia boot-legs, 504 Market street.
Nolan Brothers, 11 Third street.
Stephen Thomas, 142 Fourth street.
William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).
John Leddy, 120 Fourth, corner Minna street.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
John W McCl ire, 382 Bowery, New York city.
John G. Hodge & Co., 327, 329 and 331 Sansome st.

BANKING.
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N E corner Montgomery and Market streets.

BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.
Weed & Ringwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.
Dixon Bros, Steam and Gas Fitters, 406 Montgomery street.
Mathew O'Brien, 1136 Market st, opposite 6th.

CUTLERY.
M Price, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Stevenson street.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
A Greenbaum, 259 Kearny street, corner Bush.
B O Duffy, 950 Market street, corner Powell.
American Ex hange cigar stand, Sansome street.
Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.
Gordon & Burke, 843 Market street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
D Sweeny & Co, Tenth and Howard streets.
J O'Connor, 59 Clay street, corner Drumm.
McKenna & Greany, west side Drumm, between Clay and Washington.

CONFECTIONERS,
Pellet & Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington and Jackson.

CARPETS, &C—
Mountain & Raye, 718 Market st, west of Kearny.

DRY GOODS.
Gleeson & Fell, People's Palace, 911 and 913 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth.
J J O'Brien, 606 Market street, near Montgomery.
John C Talbot & Co, 28 Kearny street.

DRUG STORES.
Dr E J Pringle, N W corner Howard and Fourth streets.

DENTISTS.
Dr S H Roberts, 112½ Fourth street, near Howard.

FLOURING MILLS, &C.
Green & Bigley, Eureka Mills, 210 Sacramento street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Isaac Selig, 218 Kearny street bet Bush and Sutter.
S Caro, 40 Third street, (opposite Jessie).

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
Lennon & Kelly, N E cor Fourth and Minna streets.
P Hartigan, 164 First street, cor Howard also, N E cor Twelfth and Folsom streets.
P M Toner, No. 20 Occidental market, Sutter street side).
John J Reardon, cor Third and Everett streets, bet Mission and Howard.
P T Flynn & Son, cor Howard and Eighth streets.

HATTERS,
C. Desmond, 5 New Montgomery street.

HORSE SHOERS,
Donohue & Co., 8 Everett street, near 3d.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
Washington Hotel, 519 Mission street, bet First and Second.
Montgomery's Hotel, 227 and 229 Second street.
Manhattan House, 704 and 707 Front street, bet Pacific and Broadway.
South End Oyster House, 672 Howard street, near Third.

LAW.
P Cummins, Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, and 641 Merchant street.
M Whaling, Room 17 Downey Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

LIVERY STABLES.
R Dowling, 640 Howard street, bet Second and New Montgomery.
San Rafael Livery and Sale Stables, Fourth street, San Rafael, Marin county, Cal.

MEDICAL.
Dr Paul M Brenan, 127 Montgomery street.
Dr Aborn, 213 Geary street.
Dr J D Callaghan, 852 Folsom Street.
Dr Doherty, 519 Sacramento st, cor Leidesdorff.
X Twiabs X, Dr L Terry, Eli o, Nevada.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel).
N Sweeney, 43 Second street, (opposite Jessie).
M Short, 527 Commercial st, cor Leidesdorff.

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Dillon & Kenealy, 30 Third street, bet Mission and Market.

MIRRORS, PICTURES, &C.
E O'Reilly, cor Fifth and Market streets.
D Drady, 243 Fourth street, bet Howard and Folsom.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Barton's Yeast Powder, manufactory 211 and 213 Sacramento street
Philadelphia Brewery, Second street, near Folsom
O'Donovan Rossa's Prison Life; care National Steamship Co. New York.
San Francisco Cordage Co, 611 and 613 Front street.
California Bleaching Soap, Hall & Wagner, Factory cor. Folsom and 16th streets.
Wm J Blythe, Band Master 3d Irish Regt, N G C.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.
H C Blake, 418 Montgomery street.

POWDER.
Giant Powder Co, 210 Front street.

PRINTING HOUSES.
John H Carmany & Co, 409 Washington street.
Cosmopolitan Printing Co, 505 Clay street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Buckland Sewing Machine, cor Greenwich and Cortland streets, New York.

STOVES AND TINWARE,
J. M. Bryan, 130 2d street.

TEAS, COFFEE AND SPICES.
Geo T Hanly & Co, 928 Market street.

TOOLS.
Mrs. P. Quigly, 914 Market st.

UNDERTAKERS.
James McGinn, 717 Market street.
Flanagan & Gallagher, 834 Market street.

WINES AND LIQUORS.
San Francisco Ball and Racket Court, T Kelly, 846 Howard street, bet Fourth and Fifth.
Barbier and Barrett, 903½ Market street.
P F Brady, 610 Market street, and 11 Post street.
P J McMahon, Russ House Saloon, Montgomery street.
Old Hot Scotch, 15 Morton street, near Kearny.
Lyman, Rafferty, & Co, 416 Battery street, cor Merchant.
P J Tannian, 24 Third street.
Daly & Ward, 311 Sacramento street, bet Front and Davis.
Yate's Branch Saloon, cor Third and Market streets.
Fredericksburg Eintracht Saloon, 546 California street.
Michael Ryan, 134 Fourth street, bet Minna and Howard.
J H Dougherty & Co, 515 California street.
A F Benard, N E cor Fifth and Howard streets.
Jas Irwin, Merchants' Exchange, California st.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS.
Jackson Michigan Wagon, cor California and Davis streets.
Cunningham & Parker, 654, 654 and 658 Howard street.

EXPERIMENTS made upon a healthy soldier in London go to show that alcohol is useless in a state of health, and absolutely injurious in larger quantities than two ounces daily. The same experiments, however, indicated an advantage in its use, if employed in rousing a feeble appetite or exciting a feeble circulation of blood.

OVER-REFINEMENT.—A correspondent, who lives at Rochester, England, writes to the "Athenæum":—"Permit me to suggest that an edition of Dicken's works should be brought out in classical English. The words used in the author's works are extremely disagreeable to read. I think that the language of the lower orders ought never to appear in print."

MEDICAL.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID
QUICK CURES MODERATE CHARGES
DR W.K.DOHERTY'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

(FOUNDED IN 1853.)

No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street (a few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz.: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients, who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorrhœa, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L——H——

San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D. 1864.

[L. S.] A. S. GOULD, Notary Public.

Seminal Weakness—A Sworn to Certificate of Most Remarkable Cure of Spermatorrhœa.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks' treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

JAMES JOHNSTON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1864.

[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is enervated, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the country however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and may be consulted with perfect confidence.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

ap4tf

LAW DIRECTORY

M. WHALING.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE—Room No. 17 Downey Block,
LOS ANGELES, CAL. jly5-tf

P. CUMMINS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—Rooms 14 and 15 COURT BLOCK, No. 636 Clay Street, and No. 641 Merchant street, San Francisco. ap5-tf

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HENRY C. BLAKE,
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AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
333 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
All kinds of Instruments drawn up carefully in legal form, and at reasonable charges. Depositions taken at all hours in any part of the city. Residence, 932 HOWARD, ST., (between 5th and 6th Sts.) je14tf

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OFFICE—Northeast corner of Montgomery and Market streets.
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Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express office, or any reliable banking house; but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit. A proper pass book will be delivered to the Agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits received from $2 50 upwards.
OFFICE HOURS—From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. jy4-tf

MIRRORS, PICTURES, &c.

D. DRADY,
248 FOURTH STREET, (bet. Howard & Folsom,)
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Looking Glasses, Chromos, Engravings, Etc.
Framing and regilding done in the neatest and cheapest manner. Goods sold on weekly instalments. aug16tf

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McKenna & Greany.,
Commission Merchants
....AND DEALERS IN....
HAY AND GRAIN,
West side of Drumm street, between Clay and Washington, San Francisco. my10-tf

D. Sweeney & Co.,
Cattle Commission Merchants,
Corner Tenth and Howard streets.... SAN FRANCISCO.
Have constantly on hand fresh family Milk Cows, Horses, etc. Large and commodious stalls and corrals, and superior accommodations for all kinds of stock. 1y9-tf

ALONZO GREEN. JOHN BIGLEY.
GREEN & BICLEY,
PROPRIETORS
EUREKA MILLS,
210 SACRAMENTO STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Meals of all kinds manufactured, and all kinds of Feed ground to order.

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

P. HARTIGAN,
Wholesale & Retail Grocer,
WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS FRIENDS and the public that he is prepared to furnish them with Groceries, Teas, Hams, etc., and the Finest Brands of Wines and Liquors, at greatly reduced prices.
☞ Goods delivered free to all parts of the city. ☜
GIVE US A CALL BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE.
P. HARTIGAN,
164 First street, Corner Howard (Opposite Gass Works.)
Also, N. E. Cor. 12th and Folsom (Opposite the City Gardens.) [de13-tf

A. F. BENARD.
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Fine Wines, Liquors and Brandies,
N. E. COR. FIFTH AND HOWARD STS,
SAN FRANCISCO.
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Yates' Branch Saloon
....AND....
BILLIARD HALL,
Corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. English Ale an Porter on Draught....Ale, Beer and Porter Five cen per Glass....Genuine Staffordshire Ale.
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Wine Rooms,
OF THE
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE,
CALIFORNIA STREET,
JAMES IRWIN.
ap11tf

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 25, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland t enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom."

JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. COLGAN, Virginia City.—Your letter with draft received. Many thanks for your exertions. You will find your query about our friend answered in this issue of the IRISH NATIONALIST.

CAPT. CONLON, Kansas City.—Your letter received with P. O. order, also yours of the 16th instant. Many thanks for what you have done. Your communications will be attended to.

A SUBSCRIBER, San Jose.—We will print the poem you ask for next week. You must accept our crowded columns as the present excuse.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

☞Our friends and subscribers who desire to have an Irish National Journal on the Pacific coast will please take notice that we reques them to send their subscriptions and renewals *at once*. Heavy expenses are incurred in issuing our paper, and we must rely on the promptitude of our subscribers to meet them. And we also hope that every Nationalist will exert himself in the formation of New Clubs.

☞ Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact, so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

To the exclusion of much interesting matter we print this week the full lecture delivered at New York by the Rev. Eugene Sheehy on "The men and principles of '48." To those who, like most of our readers, retain a lively and grateful recollection of the Rev. gentleman's eloquence while still among us, no apology for this encroachment on our space is needed; and any Irishman, who was not fortunate enough to enjoy Father Sheehy's able lectures *viva voce* will none the less enjoy at second hand his spirited treatment of "The men and principles of '48."

We print a communication received this week from a Dublin correspondent, albeit some of the strictures which he has applied to our treatment of the Home Rule question are not fully borne out by facts, and some of the statements which he has attributed to us in reference to that movement we have never made. Our apparent hostility to Home Rule is referable, not to any ill will on our part to Mr. Butt or any of his party, but to our firm conviction that the measure can never be productive of any good to Ireland. We have examined the question in its most favorable aspect with careful attention, and have considered it fully and candidly in the editorial column this week, for the benefit of our Dublin friend and any who may share his views.

HOME RULE—ITS GAINS AND LOSSES.

The more we look into this Home Rule movement, and the more insight we gain into its working, the less does it seem capable of working out any good results for Ireland. By the first parliamentary division on the Home Rule question we became cognizant of some very remarkable facts. *In primis*, the 59 Irish members, and the variously estimated English and Scotch contingent united, only panned out a total of fifty votes. Then it required no necromancer to detect the sullen, bull-dog resistance which the measure evoked, both on the ministerial and opposition benches—a resistance which could not have been intensified had the amendment required England to change places with Ireland, and hand over the scourge and the fetter-keys to be used for her own benefit. Finally, we recognized in the speeches of the Irish members a disposition to yield (we had almost written, *truckle*) to English speakers, and to barter away, by degrees, all that was tangible in their demands, in exchange for a shadow of Freedom which the dominant party had no intention of conceding. Looking at these three salient features of the recent debate, and also at a variety of minor circumstances, in themselves "trifles light as air," but conjunctively ominous, the most sanguine believer in Home Rule must admit that it has not done the wonders it proposed, and even more, has abrogated no inconsiderable portion of its very reasonable demands. This being so, let us consider if Home Rule be an encumbrance, and if so, if it be an encumbrance worth maintaining. If Mr. Butt's amendment had passed through the House without a dissentient voice, if his first attempt to secure Home Rule for Ireland had been carried by a triumphant majority, would our position be materially benefitted? We would have a parliament in College Green—we would have the privilege of legislating on exclusively Irish matters—we would profess a loyal allegiance to "Her Most Gracious Majesty"—and "the emerald gem of the western world" would still continue in the crown of a stranger. The sole advantage of this College Green parliament would be the impetus which would be given by it to the trade and manufactures of Dublin. This, though very desirable in itself, we are far from regarding as the *summum bonum* of Irish prosperity. We want, laying the grand Question of Independence for the moment aside, a more equally diffused welfare, not only as regards districts, but also as regards society. For who would these men be who, in the event of Ireland's having obtained local self-government, would fill the velvet benches of College Green and enact the laws which are to prove the panacea for Ireland's thousand troubles? Who, in the vast majority of cases, but those very men who now represent Ireland in the assembly of St. Stephen's, or perhaps, in some instances, those "curled darlings of Fortune" whose sole occupation at present is to draw revenues from Ireland to minister to their extravagancies in foreign capitals? Such men, at least for a considerable time, would almost invariably be elected; for in Ireland the franchise is extremely limited, and the first Irish parliament would assuredly not find their account in extending it. But this is the silver side of the shield. We have taken a very *couleur de rose* view of the Home Rule programme, and one not at all justified by events. Instead of the smiling acquiescence which we have imagined to be extended to it, it was everywhere rebuffed with scorn, with violence, with malice, with all the perverse ingenuity of contumely which is a peculiar attribute of the English when dealing with Irish affairs. The results, then, being so problematically beneficial, if beneficial at all, and the means of attainment being so beset with difficulties, it may well be asked, why continue the attempt? Many urge perseverance, trusting to Irish eloquence and Irish right to win over English stubbornness in the end, as the constant drip of water wears in time the hardest rock. They have yet to learn, who advise this course, how harder than the hardest rock is unreasoning British obstinacy. And if success should eventually crown the efforts of the League, how infinitesimally little is the gain, and how precious is the time wasted. It is in that regard that we consider the action of the Home Rulers as positively injurious to Ireland's real interests. With the best intentions in the world they are standing in her light, and are distracting the attention of the people from objects of more real and vital importance. They wait as the hungry wait who have been promised bread to-morrow, and therefore hesitate to help themselves from the rich banquet which a little effort would put within their reach. The whole history of Ireland is a sad spectacle of waiting—waiting for a day that never dawns, for a future that is never reached by the present,

> "By expectation every day beguiled,
> Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child."

If Irishmen would but reflect on the visionary and imaginative benefits derivable from Home Rule, and the uncertain, and very distant time of attaining them, we think they would attach no further importance to the measure, but would appeal, once for all, to the only argument which the English cannot postpone, and the only question which we can be assured will be settled upon its merits. Ireland was lost, centuries ago, at the sword's point, and by the sword she must be regained; nor can all the flowers of rhetoric yield sweetness enough to charm England from her prey.

IS IT JUSTICE?—We clip the following from the "Alta" of a recent date, and cannot refrain from asking, with our contemporary, "Is this justice?" Colonel Stewart is, we understand, an Englishman, but even that fact scarcely accounts for, and in nowise excuses, such manifestly unjust discrimination.

Bitter complaints are being made by the discharged soldiers, who are refused employment on the works at Fort Point. Lately, several men, and unfortunately enough, all married men, have been discharged from their places and the single men, whether ex-soldiers or not, retained. Now there is no cause alleged for this ungrateful treatment of those men, save the fact that they, having families, refuse to board with the boarding-master on the ground, and he, it would appear, is a fast favorite with the "powers that be."

Colonel Stewart, the Engineer in charge, is accused of having said that, had he a thousand men to employ, he would not select a married man, as in his judgment, they are more troublesome than the bachelors. It is to be hoped that the Colonel has been belied, and that he will investigate this affair that causes a complaint to come from old soldiers, who, above all others looking for labor, should be accomodated by the Government they served.

THE *Pajaronian* gives an account of a preliminary meeting of the citizens of Watsonville, convened with a view of establishing a bank. A committee was appointed, which, having inspected the bank at Salinas City, recommended the adoption of a similar plan. Messrs. A Craig and J. A. Barham were, at an adjourned meeting, appointed to draft articles of incorporation, and motions were adopted that the Bank be a Discount and Deposit Bank, and be called the Pajaro Valley Bank. Directors were appointed as follows: Watsonville—C. Ford, John T. Porter, Thomas Walker, G. M. Bocklus, C. L. Thomas; Moss' Landing, Monterey county—Chas. Moss; Santa Cruz—J. N. Besse.

A GLANCE at his advertisement in another column will show that E. O'Reilly is still foremost among our art dealers, and is offering purchasers an opportunity of selecting from his wonderfully-complete stock of chromos, etc., at his customary fair and liberal terms. His views of Irish scenery will do much to realize old associations which are now, with many of us, but cherished memories; and we would cordially recommend every Irishman who contemplates beautifying his home with these embellishments to inspect Mr. O'Reilly's stock of old country views before going further. The picture store, corner Fifth and Market, is the picture store *par excellance*, where you will always meet with gentlemanly treatment, and every satisfaction in your purchases.

THE McMAHON GRENADIER GUARD have issued their invitations for Thursday, May 14th, when they will repair with their friends to Belmont Park, San Mateo County, for the purpose of holding their annual pic-nic. Belmont is a popular resort, and the McMahons are a popular body, so we may predict a full attendance.

GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT will shortly visit Los Angeles and other portions of Southern California.

"'FORTY-EIGHT."

The Men and Principles of that Time.

Lecture of FATHER SHEEHY.

(From the Irish-American.)

The large lecture hall of the Cooper Institute was well filled, on the evening of Tuesday, the 7th inst., by a most respectable audience, drawn together by the announcement that the Rev. Father Sheehy would lecture, under the auspices of the "Clan-na-Gael Association," on the subject of "The Men and Principles of '48."

Among those present on the platform we noticed Captain James Mitchel, Col. James Cavanagh, 69th Regt.; T. P. O'Connor, (the Delegate from Tipperary); John Devoy, Captain McClure, Edward L. Carey, Gen. Thomas F. Bourke, O'Donovan Rossa, John O'Connor, Miles M. O'Brien, Bernard Reilly, Thos. Clarke Luby, D. P. Conyngham, Gen. Kerwin, Wm. E. Robinson, John Haltigan, John Moriarty, John Lucy, and many others of note.

The venerable Irish patriot, John Mitchel, was to have taken the chair; but, owing to severe illness, he was unable to be present. In his absence, by desire of the Committee, his son, Captain James Mitchel (President of the "Knights' of St. Patrick,") came forward and, in the following terms, introduced the lecturer of the evening:

Ladies and Gentlemen: In the absence of my father this evening, who, I regret to say, has been confined to his room for many weeks by a serious illness, your Committee have thought fit to call on me to introduce the lecturer of the evening; and I do so with as much pleasure as is possible under the circumstances. I am sure that, in listening to the rev. gentleman, who is well known to you, either personally or by reputation, your high anticipations will not be disappointed. Allow me, then, to introduce to you the Rev. Father Sheehy, of Limerick.

When the thunders of applause which greeted him had subsided, Father Sheehy bowed his acknowledgments to his auditors, and said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: My subject to-night is "The Men and Principles of 'Forty-eight" (applause). No page of our history is, perhaps, more worthy of the careful study and patient consideration of our race, than that which stretches between, and embraces the Repeal year of '43, and the "rebel year of '48. It was an epoch of startling and violent contrasts; and he who would explain the events, the men and the principles, the hopes and the failures, the passions and the virtues, the lofty glories and the hideous miseries, of those years, must bring to his task one requisite at least,—an unreserved and fearless candor. Read and explained aright, no page of our history is, perhaps, so replete with profound instruction to at once warn and to deter, to encourage and to inspire, To the man who has bestowed upon this subject but little thought,—who has not, himself, made a careful analysis and minute examination of that much-entangled period,—who, moreover, understands not the philosophy—the simple philosophy—of reading events in their results upon future times,—to such a one the grand significance of the principles, and the immortal lessons of the movement of '48 have not been revealed. Failure is the only fact and the only fruit which he can recoguize; disaster, and increased ruin of hopes and fortunes, the only outcome which he will see, and the sole result which he will admit, from that wondrous combination of genius and energy, of chivalrous devotion and rapturous love which has illustrated that period, and given to it an enduring glory, in the ever-brightening circle which enwreathes the names of the Davises and the Mitchels, the Meaghers and the O'Briens, the Kenyons and the Dillons, the Dohenys and the Reillys, the Dohertys and the McManuses, and the rest of that brilliant and impassioned band who brought their every gift and every sacrifice to offer on the nation's altar in ransom of its liberties (enthusiastic applause).

A brief and rapid review of the events which led from '43 to '48, culminating in the well-known secession—in the establishing of the "Irish Confederation" and the division of our nation into what is called Young and Old Ireland, will here be necessary, in order to explain the principles and justify the course and motives of the men of '48 (cheers).

O'Connell opened his Repeal campaign with an increased parade of noise and numbers in '43,—ever since distinguished as the great Repeal year. He had already—fourteen years before—achieved what was proclaimed, declared, and believed to be the Bill of Emancipation. He was for this surnamed the "Liberator," though we of a later day, alas! are born to realize how false and foolish that title was. Yet did the credulous and deluded people of those days, believeing their manacles to be broken and their character of liberty complete, shout themselves hoarse with cheers and hymns of applause and worship for the so-called "Deliverer." And the "Emancipator" of '29 was now to become the "Repealer" of '43. Our sorrowing Erin—like Andromeda—our "isle by the western sea," hoped on and on in the yearning and deceitful hope of the hour for her deliverance; when lo! at length her Perseus appears;—O'Connell comes to slay the monster, and rend the chains that had so long held her in durance. The power that now appeared was gigantic. Nobody questioned O'Connell's wisdom; none paused to estimate or doubt his power. Indeed, as you know, too, his wisdom was popularly reputed to be more than human; his judgments were deemed infallible; his promises were all received as assured realities, and his political efforts were the creed and gospel of the nation. The cry, "Hail to the Deliverer!" rang out in rapturous echoes over the land, as this mighty figure lifted to the Irish sky, in the name of the Irish people, in the promise of an Irish nation, a nation's flag with the new battle-cry of "Repeal" inscribed thereon.

Great thoughts of liberty swept over the souls of men; Ireland was lifted up in the ecstacy of hope and pride, and O'Connell had a throne in every heart. He was the idol, the love and worship of his nation. He called for a Repeal army as if to defend the flag he had just unfurled;—he called for three millions of Repealers. Such was his emphatic demand; but it was—well, the means must not be nicely estimated when a gigantic end had to be obtained.

Meanwhile, what was the answer which Ireland gave him? She said, "Yes, lead on! You shall not only have the men, but the very women and children, too; every Irish heart within our island-realm will support you in this divine demand. Lead on! Declare it! Swear it! We are resolved with you—resolved to the death to repeal this English Union!" But, as if to test still further the impatience of the nation, he called for monster meetings to be convened at various important centres throughout the whole island, to see for himself, and exhibit to the world how mighty and combined our people were—how strong in faith, how exalted in hope, how strong and impassioned they were for the repeal of this "Union" and the redemption of their nation. Again did the expectant and trusting people give back a response worthy the lips of a nation; and the world beheld the spectacle, as it gazed towards our shores, of a whole people rising up like a mighty sea-tide and rolling in grand undulations over the land, swayed, swept and tossed by the one gigantic motive and attractive force of Daniel O'Connell. Oh! verily, it was the tide in the affairs of Ireland, which, if taken at the flood, might have led to fortune. At every appointed place of assembly, the people, bounding with the hopeful expectation of Repeal, went to meet him. Men paused in the business of common life and neglected common duties, thinking only of the one paramount and urgent duty of severing forever the Union with England. Cities poured forth their thousands; trade languished behind; towns and villages were deserted, and the windows stared vacantly at empty streets. The plough was left neglected in its furrow; the fields were abandoned, and the people, *en masse*, crowded over the plains, along the hill slopes, on every by-road, in endless swarms,—in numbers greater than mighty armies, to meet O'Connell, to hear his voice, to applaud his utterances, and to declare with him their firm and fierce resolve that they should have "Repeal." Pity so great a man should have been so great a trifler;—pity the Irish race had become so degenerate and so dull!—pity high manhood had been so rare!—pity intelligent counsel had been unheeded;—else, all that manifestation of impassioned feeling—all those wild, passionate resolves—all those musterings of many thousands, would have been characterized, at a later day, as something stronger than merest sham—would have been specific to future ages of something grander than senseless pantomime. As it was, my friends, you know "nobody was to be hurt"—neither friend nor foe—*in secula sæculorum*, if O'Connell lived so long. All those musterings of gigantic forces were to be entirely innocent and harmless exhibitions. "Let no man misconceive me," he was in the habit of saying, "Let no man misconceive me. It is not by turbulence, arms, or bloodshed, that I mean to achieve this glorious victory. I boast myself as of that school of politics which teaches that the most valuable, the greatest sublunary blessing is too dear at the expense of one drop of human blood." Yes, my friends, "no drop of blood" was his axiom, "no drop of blood" was his policy. "No blood!" he loved to repeat in every apeech;—"not a drop!" he loved to shout at every gathering. Even at this distant date it takes one's breath away, my friends, even to recite such a pitiable maxim. Patience is not easily kept upon its throne, as we reflect that such a doctrine sounds very much like blasphemy towards the hallowed memories of all our best beloved, who rapturously poured out their blood in behalf of Irish liberty.

But of this enough—of this anon. Meanwhile, what did England and the Irish people think about this benign and amiable maxim? Here, at least, there is comfort in reflecting that, with England, the peace-prophet most summarily failed to prove his peaceful purpose. John Bull, from the long-learned lessons of his experience, could not be so easily persuaded that a genuine member of the Irish race—a true Milesian with a big round "O," the very image of a bullet, before his name, was the sweet and gentle dove that O'Connell, in his cooing about peace, would represent himself to be. Indeed, who could believe that Tara, whose slopes were covered black with three hundred thousand fiery Celts,—Tara, with all its glorious memories of ancient greatness,—Tara, the assembly of all that was great and splendid in the land in the days of its pride and might;—Tara, the witness and the memorial of the loss and ruin of all,—"Tara of the Kings"—and Tara of the "Croppy's grave,"—who, indeed, could think that such a spot, sacred to every memory that ought to teach of the past, and that appealed for nationality not half so strongly as it appealed for *vengeance*—who could believe that such a spot should be, forsooth, no more than a trysting place, in these latter days, for gathered thousands of meek and angelic Irishmen, whose mild whisperings and milder bearing indicated nought but *peace*. Indeed, for awhile, nobody believed O'Connell, except himself. His doctrine about bloodless battles and peaceful victories was too false and too foolish to be intelligible. Indeed, his dupes and worshippers to this hour—I know that I signify generally that particular section of the Irish people who will receive, in my mind, their first elevation when they are elevated into the grave—this "advanced" and "enlightened" class, I say, will, even now, express to you, with ineffable simplicity, their profound and unshaken belief that the "no drop of blood" expressions of O'Connell were some of his well-chosen figures of speech, or, if you will, a sly joke with a mysterious and profound meaning beneath it.—or, better still, a clever strategy to defy or evade the enemy. They think they could often see him visibly wink at them on such occasions. We know that with a wink of his eye and a turn of his mouth, he would be answered by cheers and laughter, as much as to say, "Ah! a Donail thigmeeth thu, na bocklish a foie!"

No wonder that, after four years experience of this principle of moral force, the people should, at last, wake up, and say, with Meagher, that ideas are intelligible to England, only when they are expressed in action; and, with Mr. Mitchel, that public opinion marches best in the same direction when it wears a helmet on its head. The times were favorable for this new doctrine—or rather this most venerable and ancient doctrine, sanctioned and sanctified by the voice of seer and saint, from immemorial time, and resurrected again, in the men and principles of '48, from the graves of Orr, of Wolfe Tone and Emmet, and all the sublimest, purest, and best martyrs in the dear, but fallen and hapless land whose redemption they scrupled not to attempt by the copious shedding of blood, and in whose behalf, with an ecstacy of pride and joy, they exultingly poured out their own. The times, as I say, were favorable for the glorious preachment of the resurrected gospel of '98. Famine loomed above the island in '46, and the nation was now engaged in a gerce, dark wrestling with death. I need not—and I will not, though it were needful—describe that and the following years of horror in my native country, when men with their wives died amidst their stiffened babes on many a bleak hearthstone, while hunger eat the flesh from strong men's bones, and fever rotted the blood that but yesterday flowed fresh and warm. One would suppose that now, at length, the "bide your time" and peace mottoes might cease to be preached as the creed and watch-word of a starving population, for thousands of whom coffinless graves had been already dug. No! no! Still—yet still—O'Connell, that we all hear panegyrized,—O'Connell, to whom bronze monuments are raised, not at home alone, but in foreign lands,—even in the face of the despairing multitudes of his race, would have them whine and pine, and quietly die in peace. "They were," in the words of Mr. Mitchel,—"they were peaceably to give up their arms; they were peaceably to pay their rent: they were peaceably to go out from levelled homes; they were peaceably to bid farewell to the bailiff, and they were peaceably to go with their famishing wives and with their famishing babes into the poor-house, if there was room, and into the grave, if there was not."

All this while there was a glorious young band, whose souls had long been drunk with wormwood, who, now, at length, when they could parley no longer with their impatience, now, at length, spoke of a belief in the "pathos of a rifle and the logic of a blow." They told the nation that complaining was the coward's resort; that "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." And soon every county was glowing with a fixed purpose and resolve; vows were rising to every lip, and hands clutched instinctively for weapons, as in the fiery souls of that gifted band, blazed anew the divine fire of the columns of the old *Nation*, which afterwards was to attain to a brighter and fiercer blaze in the illumined columns of the *United Irishman*; or, as in the language of that boy-genius, Meagher,—"Their inspired words leaped like electric bolts from the new and lofty platform, which their bold and inspiring patriotism had set up." They addressed themselves to the whole people; they besought them to take counsel with their own souls; to look beyond the spell of oratory;—they told them that words had been proved to be worse than idle; that action must at last begin; that Repeal had been but as a sound to tickle the ear, and that it must now become the watch-word of the nation, and the standard which men should defend or make their lives a holocaust. They told them that it was better to sleep with God than to live as slaves; that the tombs of brave men are the altars of liberty, and the graves of martyrs its temples and shrines; that no amount of declamation,—not even the declamation of O'Connell,—could overthrow a countless, conquering soldiery; and that armed sedition was, at once, the weapon and the shield of liberty. They, moreover, pointed, in passionate pleadings, to the defeats and disasters of the hour, and exclaimed:—"Are we to wait on this eternal principle of 'Bide your time,' until every stalwart peasant shall have eaten his last crust and laid him down to die?—Are we to wait, like Lazarus, until God shall call us up from our own tomb?" The sponsors and catechists of these daring truths and lofty principles I need not name again; but I will give the names of a gifted trinity—a gifted and beautiful coterie—who, taking the harp of Erin, strung it once more, and struck from its chords a music in harmony with the souls of men,—a music that will sound rapturously in Irish hearts for ever,—the names of "Mary," "Eva" and "Speranza."

This galaxy of splendid intellects illumined everything it touched; their utterances, like nature's breath, swept around dying men's hearts, and flushed them into life and power once more. Their undertaking, at the time, was, indeed, stupendous—requiring almost the breath of a god;—but their hopes were as soaring—they were as real—as the fears of disaster were false and hollow. They looked upon those starving millions, as they knelt screaming for food, and the spectral images of a dying race disturbed their night-dreams, and glared at them, even in the crowded marts of the capital. While others gathered roses, they were haunted by the images—the funeral images—of a murdered and coffinless race (sensation.) Their beautiful country, as they gazed upon it, appeared to them, and to the world, as but one vast lazar-house, languishing beneath the shadow of death. England, like a fell harpy, was eating the flesh of stalwart millions; and they swore to strike her dead and fling her into the grave, which she, through hunger, was daily digging in the most fertile land that ever laughed back to God the beauty of His own face. They saw this; they saw much more than I may pause to tell; and closing their ranks, like a wall of brass, essayed to save their race, to regenerate and arouse their fallen people. They brought a new manhood—they breathed a new spirit and purpose into men, once more, out of their own enthusiasm, of their own intellectual strength, of their own brave principles—to generate a new Ireland, give it a destiny, and to send it careering upwards amid the a, plause and blessings of all free nations. They counted the risks, the toil and the sacrifices, and they counted all as little; for they had coined their souls into one impetuous master-passion of devotion towards their race and country; and, in the rapturous vision—which cheered their souls—of an enfranchised Ireland and a dismembered England, they heeded not whether the narrow limit of their lives was to be bounded by the scaffold or the throne. Their hopes leaped high above the scaffold; and the only throne which they, in their republican ideas, aimed to set up, was a throne raised upon the hearts of an emancipated race, upon which to place their sorrowing motherland, with the garland of freedom upon her brow—a ruling, restored nation—wielding the sceptre of a nation—beneath the sheltering banner of a young Republic.

Perhaps the first and greatest of all who formed that youthful and brilliant band,—the first in labor and success, in genius and in love, the exemplar of all that was bright and great and good,—the type of every virtue, of every gift, and of every splendid combination of all the qualities which immortalize and endear,—was the Mallow man, Thomas Davis. He was the first. He was the founder of a new literature—of a new departure,—of a new press and platform,—of a new school of men and principles and, eminently, the greatest of the "Young Ireland" party. He was the first that jostled heavily that horrible "coach and four," of which you have heard so much and so often, upon which shame and sham had so long and ruefully ridden amid the cheers—the unreflecting cheers—of flatterers and fools. I need not say what that "coach and four" was, or who rode upon it; but the seat was occupied by a man who pretended that he was about to make an excursion through the British laws and Constitution. If ever a Protestant saint gained Heaven by a most blessed and righteous exception, surely that blessed and righteous exception was Thomas Davis, when, in that act of Protestant faith, with his whole heart, and with all his mind and with all his strength, he protested against the "peace doctrine." "Died from peaceful revolution,—died from the visitation of cant—shall be the verdict of future men upon our murdered liberties,"—exclaimed Devin Reilly. Grattan knew a grief which would not be comforted, as he followed the hearse and mourned at the grave of Irish Nationality. O'Connell bore the resurected corpse

of that Nationality, with the dead corpse inclosed beneath the lid, round and round the island. He bore it, not in sorrow, not in weeping; but amid exultant, deafening cheers and music, and with endless canticles of peace and blarney. Thomas Davis drew nigh at length,—drew nigh the bier, breathed upon it his gladsome young life,—the spirit of the young band he typified;—and Irish Nationality,—which was not dead but sleeping,—looked up, with eyes flashing in hope, and rending its cerements, shook them off in that awakening hour, and stood forth once more, impassioned, lofty and majestic. "Liberty," cried O'Connell; "Hurrah for it,— applaud for it—shout for it!" "Liberty," exclaimed Davis, "Hurrah for it, too; but hurrah for it only men who, in that redeeming hour, rush to the charge for the priceless blessing." "Shout for it, too; but only you, men, whose shoutings and shootings make the music of the battle-field." Yes, my friends, listen to him how he uncannonizes the cant of the hour:—

"The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in slavish men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.

"No foe would fear your thunder-words
If 'twere not for our lightening swords—
If tyrants yield when millions pray,
'Tis lest they link in war's array;
Nor peace itself is safe, but when
The sword is she thed by fighting men.

"The rifle brown and sabre bright
Can proudly speak and nobly write.
What prophets preach the truth so well
As Hofer, Brian, Bruce and Tell?
God guard the creed these heroes taught—
That blood-bought Freedom's cheaply bought.

"Then welcome be the bivouac,
The hardy stand and fierce attack,
Where pikes shall tame their carbineers,
And rifles thin their Lay'neteers.
And every field the island through
Will show what Irishmen can do!"

Davis was no mere rhymer for the sake of verse. With him making rhymes jingle was no parlor pastime. Song was the instrument, not the crown, of his grand ambition. The poet was but a fragment of the man; or, in the words of one who knew it, a song was, with him, a sermon, a ballad—poetry—a glorious psalmistry of maxims and memories to rouse, to inspire, and to instruct a spiritless and fallen people. Manly canticles, whose breathings were of freedom, did that young bard sing of Ireland. His was no sickly, aimless tampering with the sacred theme, but the genuine preaching of a prophet, whose every word spoke of revelation. Listen to this fragment:

"A nation's flag, a nation's flag,—
If wickedly unrolled,—
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every fold from fold;
But, in the cause of Liberty,
Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell;
Guard it till Death or Victory—
Look you, you guard it well!
No saint or king has tomb so proud,
As he whose flag becomes his shroud."

And, again, this beautiful evangel—his "Prison Sermon:"

"Human joy and human sorrow
Light or shade from conscience borrow.
The tyrant's crown is lined with flame;
Life never paid the coward's shame;
The miser's lock is never sure;
The traitor's home is never pure;
While seraphs guard, and cherubs tend
The good man's life and brave man's end.
But their fondest care
Is the patriot's prison,
Hymning through its air—
'Freedom hath arisen,
Oft from statesmen's strife,
Oft from battle's flashes,
Oft from hero's life;—
Oft'nest from his ashes!'"

Love songs he wrote, too, my friends—chaste, musical, sweet and tender. But, somehow, his sweetest notes were but hymns to freedom, so to speak. The sweeter whisperings of his muse were consecrated and enshrined high above mere love-sentiments; and, in them, the voice of that purer and diviner love of liberty comes sounding always and ever. Thus:

"My Kate, do sing me 'The Bonny Cuckoo,'
For it bids us the Summer and Winter love through;—
And then I'll read out an old ballad that shows
How Tyranny perished and Liberty rose."

Or thus, again:

"Oh! lady, think not that my heart has grown cold,
If I woo not as once I could woo;
* * * * * * * * *
But it is that my country's in bondage, and I
Have sworn to shatter her chains!
By my duty and oath I must do it, or lie
A corse on her desolate plains!
Then, sure, dearest maiden, 'twere sinful to sue,
And crueller far to win;
But, should Victory smile on my banner, to you
I shall fly without sorrow or sin."

Davis wanted men to read about Ireland; to give themselves a reason why they should love her, and why they should hope for her, and why they should put forth every force, employ every faculty, and improve every facility to help to save her. His dream was, an "educated Irish Nation," as the first condition and enduring basis of that liberty, which it was his life-passion effectually to achieve. O'Connell (I must come back to him again)—O'Connell had educated a whole generation—without exception—to cheer and to boast. Davis hated cheers, and despised braggarts; and the vision which visited his soul, in hope and gladness, was that of a *young* Ireland that would read, learn and reflect. He sighed to supersede the loud folly that marked the unthinking idiot by the calm, deliberate man,—the man of thought, and will, and intelligent resolve. "To make our spirit lasting," he wrote, "and wise as it is bold;—to make liberty the inheritance of our children, and the charter of their prosperity, we must study as well as strive; we must learn as well as feel." No man realized how sorely neglectful of knowledge and mental strength was the Ireland of his day, as Davis did, or with more yearning impatience longed for the remedy. And, surely, I need not pause to tell you, who know it, how he poured forth all his rich treasures, and in a brief, short time, his life, in the yearning, impassioned effort to pierce and purify the degradation and sloth of centuries.

To the failure of that young mind to pluck his people from the abyss, and to scatter the gloom from about them; to his failure to lift them higher to God and nearer to the sunlight; to his failure—for he did fail,—alas!—you know how his strength and life failed in the redeeming effort to work that marvel;—to the failure of this, as the first accompanying condition, may be attributed the failure, only a little later, of the men and principles of '48. But the illumined fact and feature of the life of Thomas Davis was his love-passion for his race and country. Of that love you know how, in a brief time, he fell a victim, consumed, aye, literally consumed in the flame, while feeding it out from his own breast into the breasts of millions. Oh! it was a wide, limitless, soaring love;—it was as wide and as high as the heavens, and as universal, so to speak, as the circling spheres. Nothing that was not sinister,—nothing that was not vile or vicious, was excluded beyond the pale of that bright embracing sentiment,—though tyrany, — in whatsoever land, or in whatsoever form or system manifested,—was repelled and excluded far beyond the grasp of that embrace. For wherever, on this wide earth, liberty had a throne, a prison, or a grave, there was Thomas Davis with his sighs, gifts and offerings, ministering with devotion at that sacred shrine, burning his heart, in incense, before the goddesses of his strongest passion. But not even the tyranny which crushed and murdered liberty,—not anything of all that men call vile, and foul, and hateful, was so severely banned and so very severely doomed in that young soul's affections, as were the bigot's creed. Bigotry was to him the reddest of crimson crimes, blaspheming heaven above while it blasted the earth beneath. Bigotry! Yes, it has a record; every student of history knows that bigotry has a record of crime in every land and in every age, cursing the nations and ages with calamities and woes from the beginning. While invoking the just and sacred name of religion, and the still more unspeakable sanctity of God, it has weighted this world with woe. Breathing hate as its inspiration, it has blackened the earth with ruin, even while shouting a creed as its battle-cry. Thus it is that bigotry has made religion's holiest sentiments and of Christianity's most sacred terms. It has thus made an excuse for many an excess, and has made itself the foe of liberty,—the weapon of despotism, and the garment which everywhere covers the most atrocious crimes as well as the meannest lies. In Ireland monumental ruins have been its record,—a shattered nationality and slaughtered liberty; the witnesses of its guilt, red graves, through the centuries;—red graves yesterday, red graves to-day. The graves of its victims decree the bigot's judgement, and pronounce the bigot's sentence. Who will bridge the Boyne? Who will staunch that open, gaping wound—through which the life-blood of our nation has been streaming for centuries? Who will bring the Ribbonman and the Orangeman to love the light? Who, at last, will succeed in preaching this political creed of mutual national love, philosophically and intelligently? Ah! lament for Thomas Davis, whose religion included all nationalities in one generous embrace. What says this beautiful evangelist?—

"What matter that at different shrines
We pray unto one God,
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won this sod,
In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel;
And neither can be safe nor sound
But in the other's weal.
* * * * *

"And, oh! it were a gallant deed
To show before mankind
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose;
As, filled by many a rivulet,
The stately Shannon flows.

"We do not hate, we never cursed,
Nor spoke a foeman's word
Against a man in Ireland nursed
Howe'er we thought he erred;
So start not, Irish born man,
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
We've hearts and hands for you."

And again—you will bear with me, though the night is waning fast, while I recite one or two lines from that immortal and familiar ballad, of which I shall only pause to say that I regret that, so far, at least, its prayer is unheard and its prophecy unfulfilled:

"Ireland! rejoice, and England! deplore—
Faction and feud are passing away.
'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,
Orange and Green will carry the day."

My friends, all this seems but a burlesque on the truth; for a certain section of us are so fond of that "immortal green," and another section enamored of the "glorious and pious memory." Oh! would that all had a little mortality in them, so that, at last, into the grave they would go, and we would bury them forever and get a new color.

"Orange! Orange!
Green and Orange!
Pitted together in many a fray—
Lions in fight!
And linked in their might,
Orange and Green will carry the day.
Orange! Orange!
Green and Orange
Were together o'er mountain and bay.
Orange and Green!
Our King and our Queen!
Orange and Green will carry the day!

"Rusty the swords our forefathers unsheathed—
William and James are turned to clay—
Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed;
Red the crop and bitter the pay!
Freedom fled us!
Knaves misled us!
Under the feet of the foemen we lay—
Riches and strength
We'll win them at length,
For Orange and Green will carry the day!
Landlords fooled us;
England ruled us,
Hounding our passions to make us their prey,
But, in their spite,
The Irish UNITE,
And Orange and Green will carry the day!

"Fruitful our soil, where honest men starve;
Empty the mart, and shipless the bay;
Out of our want the Oligarchs carve;
Foreigners fatten on our decay!
Disunited,
Therefore blighted,
Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway,
Party and greed,
For once have agreed;
Orange and Green will carry the day!"

Thus teaching, toiling, hoping, scarce on the edge of manhood, at thirty-one, gifted, loved and worshipped beyond all living men was Thomas Davis, when the news, like a sudden tempest-gust of grief, swept throughout the land that the young minstrel was no more. Since that hour the sorrowing motherland, for whom he toiled and hoped,—unto death to serve,—has draped her heart in mourning, and will not be comforted, as she mourns in weeping by his early grave. Yes, the great young patriot was no more, in the year 1845. But such men as Davis never die;—they live in their works; they perpetuate themselves in the majesty of great memories; they call to us in sublime invocation from the tomb. The spirit of Davis lives and will live; his principles survive and will survive; and every breath which liberty breathes in our land will whisper his name in a litany of glory, with the names of Orr, Tone, Emmet, and Fitzgerald, and will be handed down to receive with them the love and worship of ages. He died in '45; yes he died in '45, and yet I am speaking of '48. But remember, my friends, that of him were born the men and principles of '48, which were perpetuated in the men and principles of '67. Perpetuated? Yes, perpetuated in the men and principles of the hour,—men of destiny, let us pray it,—who, shrining the immortal principles from every taint—surviving every shock, rising above every defeat—renewed in purpose, refreshened in hope, constant in brave sacrifice and persistent work—grasp once more the broken flag-staff, and swear in many a vow to plant it yet in the name of liberty,—in an enfranchised Ireland upon the ruins of usurpation.

Another, and only one—of all that immortal coterie which genius gave in that splendid hour to mark an epoch in our awakened story, might here be named, if courtesy did not forbid comparison—in rivalry of imperial gifts, in the companionship of love, and gratitude, and fame of Thomas Davis, his compeer fittingly in every splendid and brilliant combination of gifts and qualities that immortalize and endear. I know, my friends, that the affections of your souls have already imagined whom I mean. (A Voice—"John Mitchel;" and loud cheers). Yes, I am glad that your affections, anticipating my utterance, have pronounced that honored name before I uttered it; because my friends, it is an evidence that John Mitchel has stamped his image upon the Irish heart and the Irish intellect forever more. But I would have you, after all, whisper that name in reference here to-night. Give that name homage in no vulgar fashion. I speak no words of unmeaning praise where there is question of this great strong intellect. Rhetoric,—*ad captandum* talk,—had grown to be the curse of Ireland when John Mitchel appeared and lectured upon "the pike." Stately as a pillar, this grand figure loomed up before the nation. He broached grand principles and startling maxims—startling because truthful, plain and direct. He soon occupied the thoughtful minds within the island. Despising mere eloquence,—the trick of words,—he apostrophized the nation in the inimitable and truer eloquence of thought, and the more striking eloquence of action. His hope for Ireland he soon made known to be in regiments, not in rhetoric; and, "invoking the God of battles," he cried anathema upon peace and blarney. Never had a nation a more fearless advocate,—never has there been a more fierce hater of England and lover of his country. Never has there been an abler, or a bolder man to defy the one and defend the other. Conceiving that the reliable part of every nation lies in the individual character of the masses; conscious, that, in Ireland, the upper surface of society was ulcerous all over,—John Mitchel saw the necessity of a deep and universal subsoiling. And he called before him the masses of the people, and preached to them revolution. England he summoned to the bar of final judgment, her Viceroy he arraigned as an armed criminal against law and justice; and loudly,—with vehemence and defiance,—he told the world what was his solemn vow, to place his race once more in combat with that power, and endeavor with wielded pike to dig to the heart of England for justice and redress. I need not pause to tell how a packed jury sent John Mitchel into exile. No more need I tell you—what you know—how he went rejoicing,—another victim of failure, another gift-offering at the national shrine,—another hero and martyr to the imperishable principles of Irish liberty. Men and women of Ireland, I would ask you, in all respect and in all reverence, to pray blessings, to-night, upon that lordly head and that royal heart; for never has Ireland had a truer lover, and never has tyranny had a more inexorable foe. To Ireland he has clung fast, through weal and through woe; to her he has given all his toil, all his thoughts, and all his labors,—and they were labors of love;—to Ireland he has given all his joys, but none of his sorrows; to her he has given the inspiration of his courage the strength and splendor of his genius, all his iron nature, with all his iron virtues, all his splendid gifts,—richest treasures,—all his heroism and devotion—all the shining glories of his intellect—all these in prodigal profusion he has given to live unrequited, yet unrepining.

My friends, I know that reading from a book is not pleasant; but there are a few passages in Mr. Mitchel's "Jail Journal," which will definitely put before you what were the principles of '48; and I would be doing you an injustice if I do not present them to you for your approval. I will be very brief; for I know it is wrong to delay you thus. "Tell me," he says, "which is it better to pine and whiten hopelessly into cold clay, passing slowly, painfully through the stages of hungry brute ferocity,—passionless, driveling, slavering idiotcy,—and dim, awful unconsciousness, the shadow-haunted confines of life and death—or to pour out your full soul in all its pride and might with a hot torrent of red raging blood,—triumphant defiance in your eye, and an appeal to heaven's justice on your lips—*animam exhalare opimam*. Which? Nay, whether is it better that a thousand men perish in a nation by tame beggarly famine, or that fifty thousand fall in a just and righteous war? Which is the more hideous evil—three seasons of famine-slaughter in the midst of heaven's abundance, at the point of foreign bayonets, with all its train of debasing diseases and more debasing vices—or a thirty years war to scourge the stranger from your soil, a smoking wilderness?"

"When you see," he says, "a respectable, fair-spoken lie sitting in the high places, feeding itself fat on human sacrifice,—down with it, strip it naked and pitch it to the devil! Whenever you see a greedy tyranny (constitutional or otherwise) grinding the faces of the poor, join battle with it on the spot, conspire, confederate, and combine against it, never resting till the huge mischief comes down, though the whole 'structure of society' should come down with it."

Of course, my friends, that would be all wrong in America: but, in Ireland.—well there is much to pull down and much to rake up before a regenerated Irish nation is constructed. "Home Rule" will never do it. "Home Rule" is English rule. Even in the interpretation of the words of the gentlemen who speak in its favor, "Home Rule" means the integration of the British Empire; it is "the golden link of the Crown,—though, you know, if the real Irish had their way, they would kick it as low as—[Here the words of the speaker were drowned in the enthusiastic cheers of the audience]. Yes, my friends, in the name of Ireland, in the name of America, in the name of those who call themselves Irish Nationalists, and in the name of those who mean to speak the truth, and who spent their lives in ransom of the truth, we want no Englsh rule; we want an Irish Home Rule or no rule at all.

Well, now, my friends, there are three others of this coterie that I intended to speak of to-night. [At this point a masculine-looking lady took exception to the speaker's remarks against English rule, and occasioned some confusion; but silence was soon restored, and the lecturer continued]. One of these was he whose name is known to Ireland and dear to America. His sun rose in the splendor of its rising, away somewhere on the eastern slope of the hills that girdle the "*Urbs Intacta*;" and there is no Irishman at home or abroad to-night who will forget the name of Thomas Francis Meagher. Yes, that boy-genius, as I may call him, appeared on a platform that held, perhaps, the first orators of Europe; and we know that in one leap he came to the front. We know with what a spell he held the nation in the charm of his wondrous oratory. He was but a boy in Ireland, and it is not fair to compare him with Grattan or O'Connell, nor with Demosthenes, because their greatest efforts was conceived and spoken in the full zenith of the power of their mental faculties. Meagher was but a boy; and he gave to Ireland the richest jewel of oratory; and those who knew him say, that when the cause which he immortalized went down in gloom, the intellect of Meagher never more kissed the sunlight. When the immortal cause seemed for a time to perish, the inspiration of Meagher's intellect perished with it, and never was rekindled, except, perhaps, once. When over here in America there was a flash of arms,—like the returning of an early dream, that meteor spirit became again radiant, that divine germ, so to speak, became brilliant once more, and the sword which he apostrophized in youth he drew in the name of human liberty and human right, and caught on its blade, on the heights of Fredericksburg, that glory which he had immortalized in words that shall live as long as the English language, and shall have an echo in every breast—caught the enthusiastic light of battle which he once exulted in the hope to fling from that redeeming weapon the battle-fields of conquering Ireland.

Now, my friends, I would ask you to summon up before your minds all that brilliant galaxy of talent, of devotion, and of heroism which is known to the age as the men of '48. Did it not seem as if the light of heaven, so to speak, had burst upon our land once more? Everywhere over Europe there were gifted men, no longer dreaming, talking or thinking of liberty, but, as befitted those who were resolved, working firmly in its just and sacred cause. The Continent was one vast battle-field in '48;—every nation—Belgium, Switzerland, France, Germany and Italy,—were theatres of the people's triumphs; and while the sun of liberty glanced fiercely on the despotisms of Europe, no wonder that its rays poured hotly upon Ireland;—and how could her sons rest inactive when each fresh message of despots' doom, of purchased nationality, and the people's triumphs who but yesterday bent their naked necks under the heels of despotism. And why not, they thought, free *our* country from the worst and most ancient despotism that ever cursed the world by crimes against justice, against pity, and against mercy? Yes, my friends, where was the cause more holy? Where a despotism marked by such a trail of blood? Where the flame of surging battle so needful to purify and restore? How could they parley longer with their impatient and bitter memories? In the ecstacy of their souls they exulted in the grand vision of the raging tide of battle which, like a rising and irresistible sea, would bear them on its angry breast over the desolated ruins of usurpation to an enfranchised Ireland. To know that the heart of the nation would throb when their names were mentioned,—to know that they had the affections of countless thousands of the race and blood,—to know that, long after they had passed away, their names,—unforgotten in the glorious heritage of ransomed liberty,—would survive, was a rapturous thought to those whose exultant hope was to pour the hot, red tide by which the priceless boon of liberty was to be gained.

But, it will be said, such devotion in the men of '48 simply meant disaster. Yes; but the disaster lay not with them, or with their principles which are immortal. Failure, which was the outcome, should ce tainly not be relative to the most sacred and divine principles of human liberty. Errors, if you insist upon it, they committed; but you and I have committed errors. I will tell you what their's was, my friends; their error sprang, as I understand it, from the over-estimation in which they held the worth and manhood of the Irish. They recalled a chapter in their own world's annals, nobly written up by the Irish sword; and they thought that, with a similar weapon, they would carve as bright a record and shape as happy a destiny. A population of seven or eight millions of people, with a million and a half of stalwart fighting men in Ireland, had nothing to fear. My friends, if there was only one tithe of the spirit in these men of '48 that showed itself in the thoughts of Thomas Francis Meagher, John Mitchel and the rest, the armed hirelings of the foe would be called upon to acknowledge their manhood. Speaking in the heat of oratory you may suppose that I shall say the men of the hour are able to resuscitate their country, and that a new-born Ireland will crown the hopes and vows and centuries. But, my friends, I am not one of the modern school, who would insist upon an uprising of this kind; for this reason: The science of war has been brought to such perfection, the instruments for the destruction of human life have been brought also to such perfection as a science, that I do not think the Irish race, at the present day, could do what might have been done in '48, and what Wexford alone did in '98. No, my friends, I will say with every intelligent Irish Nationalist at present, I would preach what O'Connell preached, but in a different sense, because his sense has a cowardly meaning, and our sense has no such meaning:—"bide your time;" and, in the meantime, prepare the polished rifle; prepare the whetted steel. Yes, my friends, no matter who talks about English benevolence, I believe, and so does every man and woman, too, who knows the history of our seven hundred years' connection, that you can never hope to dig from the heart of England justice towards Ireland unless you do it with the cold steel. There is no cant about this thing. The coat I wear does not prevent me from saying this.

Well, my friends, we have now come to an end; and I am sure that you are satisfied that the end should have come a long time ago. The men of '48 were ahead of their time; and that was the cause of their failure. Their failure is a beacon-light and a head-land to us, and to all who will advance to the same work once more. They were guilty of the crime—probably the unpardonable one—of being young, and their hearts were yet unchilled and unblighted. The hearts of Meagher, Davis and the rest luxuriated in life's youth, filled with its play, its pride, and its power. They did not break Ireland's chains, but at least they did not break their vows. They did this much—they led, and aroused a wholesome tone of thought, they preached bold and daring truths, they vindicated the right of free opinion in our country; they made "Young Ireland," at least, an intelligent, self-reliant, reflective Ireland. John Mitchel, when he lectured on the pike,—Meagher, when he apostrophized the sword,—Davis, when he wrote the song for the Irish Muse,—every one of these gifted '48 men preached to the world boldly, and taught young Ireland to grow intelligent with the belief that there is in truth another gospel of love,—that the patriotism, as to achieve and enjoy liberty could be measured only by the polished brown rifle and the glittering steel. They taught this: that freedom by blood was cheaply bought. They taught that a nation's wealth and its richest treasure is its blood; and that it is rich and enriching only when it flows to fertilize the land on which the bearers of liberty press;—that

"Rights are cheaply bought with blood; still, still forever,
Better though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
In thousand lazy channels through his veins,
* * * * * * * Better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In that proud charnel of Thermopylæ."

Let us all pray to-night,—let us all work, or, at least, resolve;—let us all put up another prayer to the Father above to hasten the day—the opportunity—after all due preparation being made for the hour—when men will be held there in battle might; when they will rear the old flag once more; when they will stand beneath it with flashing swords, and rifles, and bayonets;—when they will be ready to pour out their blood in that hour, and thus die bravely. And may the Lord greet their souls in glory; or, may they long live to enjoy the freedom they won by themselves.

(Loud cheering greeted the conclusion of the lecture, after which a vote of thanks was proposed and tendered to the reverend gentleman in the most enthusiastic manner. After this the audience dispersed.)

ENTERPRISE.—The well-known and popular Picture and Looking-Glass dealer, K. KENNY, has leased the premises 1010 Market street, and has opened a beautiful assortment of Pictures, Mirrors, Picture-Frames, and anything and everything appertaining to the business, and there is no doubt in the world but that our friend will be as successful in the future as he has been in the past. Remember the number, **1010** Market street, directly opposite Fifth.

Make Money,

Fast and honorably, $12 50 per day, or $75 per week, by at once applying for a territorial right, (which are given free to agents,) to sell the best, strongest, most useful and rapid selling Sewing Machine, and Patent Button Hole Worker, ever used or recommended by families, or buy one for your own use; it is only $5. Sent free everywhere by express. Address all orders, etc., to BUCKLAND SEWING MACHINE, cor. Greenwich and Cortlandt streets New York.

SCHUETZEN PARK, Alameda, will be a scene of more than ordinary brilliance on Thursday, May 7th, for that is the spot and that the day the Montgomery Guard has selected for its annual excursion. We expect the numerous friends of that fine Irish military company will muster in large numbers.

THE Annual Excursion and Picnic of the Irish-American Benevolent Society comes off at Schuetzen Park, Alameda, on Sunday, May 3d.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 7 Court Block, 636 Clay Street,
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Residence, 312 Seventh st, SAN FRANCISCO.
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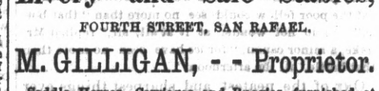
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

X. TWIABA. X.
THE WHITE SAGE.—A new preparation is offered to the public for the restoration of the hair by Dr. L. Terry, 323 Third street, and from the great number of testimonials published by prominent citizens of Elko, Nevada of its efficacy in giving strength to the hair and the speedy return of it to those who have been bald, oblige us to look upon it with more favor than the thousand other preparations already in market. The *Elko Independent* says: "A decoction of white Sage will accomplish more in restoring bald heads, fastening falling hair, and renovating and giving healthy action to the scalp than a whole store of the usual remedies advertised for that purpose. Hundreds now in Nevada can testify to this fact, and a trial will convince any doubting Joseph that what we say of it in this respect will be borne out by results, if he will give it a fair trial." If such is the case, the Doctor will reap a rich harvest, for no other city can boast of as many bald-headed people as San Francisco. The medicine can be obtained from every druggist. None genuine without the signature of L. TERRY, M. D., on the outside of the wrapper. HEATH FIELD, BOGEL & Co., General Agents. Sole Distiller, Dr. L. Terry, Elko, Nevada.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 25, 1874.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY LADY WILDE ("SPERANZA").

I.

When mighty passions, surging, heave the depth of life' great ocean—
When the people sway, like forest trees, to and fro in wild commotion—
When the world-old kingdoms, rent and riven, quiver in their place,
As the human central fire is upheaving at their base,
And throbbing hearts and flashing eyes speak a language deep and cryptic;
Yet he who runs may read aright these signs apocalyptic:
Then rise, ye crowned Elohim*—rise trembling from your Thrones;
Soon shall cease the eternal rhymth betwixt them and human groans.

II.

Ah! ye thought the nations, faint and weary, lay forever bound;
They were sleeping like Orestes, with the Furies watching round;
Soon they'll spring to vengeance, maddened by the whisperings divine,
That breathed of human freedom, as they knelt before God's shrine.
See you not a form advancing, as the shadow of the Gnomon,
Step by step, in darkness, onward—can ye read the fatal omen?
Coarse the hand, and rude the raiment, and the brow is dark to see,
But flashes fierce the eye as those of vengeful Zincali.

III.

On its brow a name is written—France read it once before,
And like a demon's compact, it was written in her gore—
A fearful name—thrones trembled as the murmur passed along—
Retribution, proud oppressors, for your centuries of wrong—
From the orient to the ocean, from the palm-tree to the pine,
From Innisfail, by Tagus, to the lordly Appenine—
From Indus to the river by which pale Warsaw bleeds—
Souls are wakening—hands are arming—God is blessing noble deeds.

IV.

The Russian breathed on Poland, and she changed to a Zahara;
The jewels of her ancient crown adorn the Czar's tiara.
Her princes, and her nobles, tread the land with footstep weary,
And her people cry to Heaven with ceaseless *Miserere*.
On her pale brow, thorn crowned, ye may read her shame and loss;
See, foreign rule has branded there the fatal *Thanatos*.
But her agony and bloody sweat the Lord from Heaven will see,
And a resurrection morn heal the wounds of Calvary.

V.

By our prophets God is speaking, in Sinai's awful thunders,
By pestilence and famine, in fearful signs and wonders;
By our great poet-priesthood, the sacred race immortal,
Whose words go forth triumphant, as through a golden portal;
By our patriots and martyrs, who, for Freedom's holy law,
Have hearts to dare, a hand to burn, like Mutius Scævola.
Then, courage, Brothers! lock your shields, like the old Spartan band,
Advance! and be your watchword ever—God for Ireland!

* "Kings—The Earthly Elohim."—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

DEAN COWPER, of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, descanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, remarked, that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "I do not wonder at it at all, sir," replied Mr. Drake, a minor canon, "for we have seen no more than that bottle, all the afternoon."

ONE of the neatest and sharpest things ever said by Sheridan is this: "The gentleman is indebted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his wit."

IF a man bumped his head against the top of a room, what article of stationary would he be supplied with? Ceiling whacks.

WHAT a curious thing it is that of those who nightly go out on a loose, so large a number should come home quite tight!

AN old sinner's apology (from one's own mouth) is, that when a candle is nearly burnt out, a little wick-edness is always thought sooty-ble.

IMPORTANT TO BACHELORS.—Some Yankee has invented a new kind of ink, called "the love-letter ink." It is a sure preventive against all cases of "breach of promise," as the ink fades away, and leaves the sheet blank, in about four weeks after being written upon.

QUID PRO QUO.—Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner struck each other. "Oh, dear," says Smith, "how you made my head ring." "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "Didn't yours ring?" said Smith. "No," said Brown. "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

A MAN named Tessier was recently tried in Paris for stealing a metal spoon from the eating-house of Madame Brard. The President of the Tribunal, addressing the prisoner, said: "You are accused of stealing a metal spoon." Prisoner—"Yes, but I thought it was silver." [Laughter.] Mme. Brard—"C'est frank, au moins!" (That's frank, at least.) Prisoner—"Seven francs!" (Sept francs.") "It was not worth seven sous!"

A CLEVER CHAP.—A gentleman from the country, stopping at one of the hotels in Cincinnati, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the fare, etc. After a few minutes' conversation, the boarder drew his cigar case, saying, "Will you take a cigar, sir?" "Well, I don't mind if I do," was the reply. The cigar was passed to him; also the one which our boarder was smoking, for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the cigar first handed him in his pocket, and took his knife and cut off the end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his friend, and commenced smoking, saying—"It ain't often a man from the country runs foul of as clever a fellow in the city as you are."

LOVE.—Generosity, properly applied, will supply every other external advantage in life but the love of those we converse with. It will procure esteem, and a conduct resembling real affection; but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no generosity can purchase, no rewards increase, nor no liberality continue it; the very person who is obliged has it not in his power to force his lingering affections upon the object he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.—*Goldsmith*.

LILIPUTIANS.—The Viceroy of Egypt is about to send to the Italian Geographical Society two pygmies of the Equatorial race of the Akkas, the same diminutive creatures spoken of by Herodotus as fighting the cranes. Their modern descendants wage successful war against elephants by taking advantage of their small stature to conceal themselves in the bushes, and from thence to shoot these animals in the eye and blind them. This dwarfish people are neighbors to the Niam-Niam, the supposed human beings with tails. The two in question were taken by Miani, the Italian explorer, who lately died in the interior of Africa, and who intended them for the above society. They are, of course, black. Their arrival is awaited with no little interest by ethonologists.—[Philadelphia Press.

The Recent Evictions in North Kerry.

Under this head a correspondent of the Cork "Examiner" writes in reference to a recent case, Stokes *v.* Dwyer. After giving a history of the farm under the occupiers preceding the Dwyers, he says:—Permit me to review the story of this now notorious piece of land. A few years prior to its occupation by the Dwyers, thirty years ago, and even later, there possessed this lot a widow and her three sons, I well remember them, fine specimens of men. Many a hard-fought field the writer had seen them engaged in at that ancient Irish cricket-hurling; many a day at football and all sports that in our youthful days made up the sum of our happiness. About this time the widow divided her farms, and that portion now associated with Dwyers' name was given to James Downey her eldest son, poor man! his term was a short one, although the Famine had not as yet fastened its deadly shafts in the heart of Ireland; yet scarcely had he transformed his mother's cowhouse into a dwelling than famine was staring him in consequence of the insufficient crops he reaped from the shallow pencilly surface of the few arable fields north of the road. We find the landlord in undisturbed occupation (with a model farmer caretaker). Some few years sufficed to satisfy his desire in the way of farming. On a certain occasion at that time I observed him driving in the direction of a field of barley, some stock got in trespassing, and Mr. Stokes did not drive off the stock though brought under his notice—did not think the crops worth protecting. That land at present yields an abundant crop. About this period the writer of this sketch left home, and did not revisit those scenes of his boyhood until last October. After this long lapse of time from home, and soon after the eviction of those people, I travelled on the place in company with one of the most intellectual farmers in this section of the county. He pointed out this once barren lot—a rich verdure in a good state of preservation, freed from all those sallies, oaks, furze, heath, &c., &c., which formerly existed in the bottom of the farm, a different place altogether from what it was twenty years before. We moved into the land, and what in my time was hungry, impoverished pencil soil, would now, from its color, depth of surface, and rich natural grass, respectably compare with any park in the vicinity of Tralee or Listowel. Such the results of their toil and care, for they cared more for the land than their own persons. We press still further on, the story is the same—good handling observable in every quarter, Mr. Stokes' beautiful young horses coursing around evidently the better of the choice pastures the Dwyers had created. We now met the herdsman, and in his hearing my companion complains bitterly of the law that allowed the landlord monopolise the results of so much toil, such industry, so much wealth, and for such a trifling indemnity be deprived of all at one fell stroke of the law. Disappointed man, he then little knew what the "fiat" of Judge Barry would be! We press still further on, for this land comprises the northern declivity of Glenballyma, and presents a globular front as you move along by the public-road, and we reach Dan Dwyer's *dwelling-house*, which, by the way, was a cow-house of John Duggan's of thirty years ago. What could it be at present? Why only a cow-house in appearance and build now, as then, but certainly improved by the insertion, of two or three windows. My eye still passes further on. I ask my companion where is the large pond of water that existed in such a field? Where the banks of peat? "Oh, bless you! not a trace of any such pond or peat bank for years, only as you now see it—a fine grassy, well-drained and arable field; they drew surface on their backs to make up the want of the natural supply." Such the land that 25 years ago did not yield a crop worth protecting; such the farm that Mr. Sullivan (of a Farmers' Club) asserted, shewed no signs of improvement; such, Oh! Judge, the land those poor outcast wanderers made of a barren waste, of an unkind pencilly surface, and yet you say to those poor, despised sons of toil, for ever more homeless and pauperised, "no more remuneration." No, not "even your costs; because you have the temerity to ask a reasonable sum for your twenty years of earnest toil, and your county chairman gave you a heavy recompense, you do not deserve, and I will take care that you do not get that." That the Land Act is an imperfect one nobody can deny, seeing the state of things I have described. I think nothing short of perpetuitiy of tenure with periodic revaluation at a reasonable rent, and in case of departure or removal at one's option, his right to sell his vested rights to the highest bidder, will make farmers henceforth in this part of the country feel secure. This judgment, I assure you is looked on with alarm. VE VICTI.

St. Patrick's Day in Rome.

ROME, Tuesday Evening, March 17th.

On my arrival at the terminus yesterday morning, the first object which arrested my attention was a placard of prodigious dimensions, announcing to strangers in characters such as he who runs might read, "The celebration of St. Patrick's Day in the Church of St. Isidore, on Tuesday, 17th of March." Having procured the necessary card of admission, I soon found myself in the piazza before the strikingly beautiful façade of St. Isidore. Though I had come far earlier than the appointed hour, I was anticipated by a numerous crowd of gentlemen, who, justly fearing a throng, had determined to secure seats in the transcept. The church in a few moments became so densely crowded that entrance was impossible until the Rev. Superior set himself to economize space. Shortly before the ceremonies commenced my attention was attracted by a rev. prelate taking his seat on the Gospel side of the sanctuary, whom I afterwards learned to be the Most Rev. Dr. Alan, Vicar-Apostolic of the Ashantees. The sacred ministers soon entered the left aisle on their way to the high altar. Next came the celebrant, the Most Rev. Dr. Gould, Bishop of Melbourne, who was assisted by the venerable Professor of Theology and Sacred Scripture in the College of St. Isidore. Pontifical Mass was celebrated with the usual impressive ceremonies prescribed by Holy Church. The music throughout was unique, both for the beautiful manner in which it was executed and the striking effect it was calculated to produce on an English ear. When the sacred functions terminated, the Very Rev. Dr. Chatard, President of the American College, ascended the pulpit, and delivered an eloquent discourse on the Apostle of Ireland, which was listened to with rapt attention. In the evening Monsignor Capel preached a magnificent sermon in his happiest manner. Thus the 17th of March was celebrated in a manner which did honor to the Patron Saint of the Irish people, and reflected the highest credit on the truly religious and patriotic Superior of St. Isidore.—[Cor. Dublin Freeman.

EVERY lady is anxious to know whether her new dress is becoming; but the most likely thing to become a lady is a well-behaved little girl.

The Heroic Irish Drummer Boy.

Among the regiments terribly decimated at the second battle of Bull Run were those belonging to Sickles' brigade. Held in reserve during the fierce carnage of the earlier part of the day, they had only seen the battalions of stretcher-bearers and trains of ambulances loaded with their groaning burdens. Late in the afternoon came the order to go to the front.

The drum corps, contrary to custom, accompanied the brigade into the line of fire. Army drummers were generally the lowest of the low, but Tommy Gowen was worthy to be branded as the "wickedest boy in New York." Under twelve years old, he was yet plunged to the eyes in every possible vice. No gentler prophecy was ever made than that he would yet dance in the air at a rope's end. A street Arab, with all the most hideous defects of his clan, even the tenderness that soldiers generally felt for their boyish pets of the drum corps extended not to him.

The order was given to dislodge the enemy holding a section of dense woods and underbrush. The position was very strong, and obstructed by all the contrivances of the engineer. Three times the brigade rushed up to the jaws of the cannon, and each time was rolled back like paper shrivelled in the fire. Again the officers marshalled them into the line of attack. A deadly storm from the yawning hell of artillery again tore through the bleeding, broken ranks. The last of the color-guard, the fifth man who had upreared the fatal banner within an hour, went down, shot through the heart. It was a critical moment. The officers could hardly make themselves heard in the horrible din. The line wavered and shook, as a wild, impressive panic shot through the hearts that had thrice charged upon those appalling woods with such a lavish waste of life.

At this moment the drummer boy Gowen rushed forward, seized the dishonored colors from the earth, and, facing the regiment, backed toward the enemy for several rods. The hero's heart, under all the foul rags and tatters that had swarthed and buried it out of sight, burst through its bonds under the inspiration of that terrible moment. The gutter snipe, that had grown like a toadstool out of the slums of the Five Points, was transfigured into the semblance of a young demi-god, with the light of heaven and martyrdom shining on his brow.

Shrilly he shrieked, as he waved the ponderous colors over his head, "Fie! Shame on yees, boys! would ye desert the ould flag?" and the next moment tumbled in a lifeless heap, literally torn in two by a shell. The Irish regiment gave one frantic yell of wrath that stilled the rattling fusilades, and swept on with the impetus of an avalanche. Nothing human could endure before that frenzied onset, and in a moment the Confederates were hurled back in rout and confusion.

The name of young Gowen is carved in no marble tablet, stamped on no medal of honor, and was mentioned but by one newspaper. Yet, in the memory of all who witnessed that transcendant outburst of the divine and heroic through a corrupt and callous crust, it sends a burning thrill through all the nerves at the recurring thought. Victor Hugo could put in the mouth of Cambronne the foulest of words to express his boundless despair and rage when ordered to surrender the fragment of the "Old Guard" at Waterloo; he could make Gavroche die at the barricades of Paris with the gay laugh quivering on his shrunken lips. But he never conceived anything more supremely grand than the death of the Irish drummer boy.—[Appleton's Journal.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE ON THE HOME RULE DEBATE.—It is time that a direct answer should be made, and that Ireland should be plainly told that, except in purely local matters, such as those enumerated by Sir M. Hicks Beach, we do not recognise the existence of any "exclusively Irish affairs" at all. "Railways, canals, and gas-works"—as to which the Irish Secretary is willing to give way—may fall under this category; but it is idle to suppose that Mr. Butt wishes to erect a parliament in Dublin to deal with these matters, and there are no others that Ireland can be permitted to deal with independently. Outside this narrow circle there is not a single one of those questions which an Irish Legislature, if it is to be a Legislature and not a vestry, would claim to settle which we could for a moment consent to its entertaining. There is not one of them which we could consent to consider an exclusively Irish matter, not one which is not an English—that is, an Imperial—question, in as vital and momentous a sense as any in which that phrase was ever employed. If there be any such questions let them be named. The plain truth is that there are no such questions, and no one who faces the real difficulty of our position with regard to Ireland can suppose that there are. The error arises from the belief that we govern, or ought to govern, Ireland exclusively in her own interest. We do not, we cannot, so govern her. We must govern her in the interests of the United Kingdom and in her interests only, in so far as she is a part of that kingdom. To deny this is practically to admit claims far wider than those urged even by the wildest Home Ruler. If this were our real principle of government, we should not only have no right to refuse her a separate Legislature, but we should be bound to grant her, if she demanded it, absolute independence; and the reason of State which justifies us in refusing the latter justifies us also in refusing the former. We grant a separate Legislature to a colony because we are prepared, on cause shown, to accept entire separation from that colony, and foreseeing that a time of complete independence will come sooner or later. We refuse a separate Legislature to Ireland because we can never allow her independence; and every solicitation to the contrary must yield to the *suprema lex* of national security.

Ay! every *solicitation* for Ireland's welfare must yield to English ideas of expediency. Thus far we fully agree with the "Pall Mall Gazette;" but we have yet to try a line of argument which, we fancy, even "the *suprema lex* of national prosperity" will fail to override.

A SET-OFF FOR "SHANNON SHORE."—One of the most curious blunders made by an author was that made by Thackery when collecting material for his "Irish Sketch Book." Driving along a road, he saw at due intervals posts set up with the letters "G. P. O." upon them. Overtaking a peasant, he inquired the meaning of these initials, and was gravely informed that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's note book, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious statement. In the first edition of the sketches the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all the subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for "General Post Office," indicating that the highway was a post-road.

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The Cork Examiner on the Indian Famine.

The melancholy story of the Indian famine grows in intensity and power as time grows on. Its painful likeness to the Irish famine, and the attempts at administering relief seem to augment. The characteristics seem almost exactly the same. Conceited lack of appreciation in the first instance of the magnitude of the disaster, formalism of the worst kind in the plans to meet it, and utter incapacity in the practical details subsequently. The Viceroy's weekly telegram is as usual of rather a cheering kind. Grain is being dispatched rapidly, and there is abundance of it. Calculation of needs has been fully made, and a large surplus over what may be required is in hand. The village relief system is in working order, and the people are crowding to the relief works. There have been a few deaths, indeed, and some it is feared have taken place, which were not precisely ascertained, but on the whole things are going on remarkably well considering, and thousands of lives would have been lost had it not been for the Government measures. This latter suggestion is hardly to the point. Where famine exists, it does not need any extraordinary wisdom to assure us that deaths will take place if food be not provided. There is little reason to doubt that the food supply must have saved the lives of many people who would have died had it not been provided, but that fact still leaves the question to be answered whether as much had been done in this direction as might be done. Our recollection of relief works as a remedial system in Ireland is not favorable. They did little service to the country, they killed many of the already half starved people who were engaged upon them, and they were nests of peculation We admit, however, the difficulty of saying there should be no test of the reality of the distress which asks for relief. But at least that test should be applied so as to be of as little hindrance as possible—so as to stand as little as may be between the help and its objects. The observation, however, of the *Daily News'* correspondent has shewn that the relief works are little better than a protraction of the agony which the unfortunates suffer, an ingenious mode of compelling them to add the pang of hope deferred to that of hunger. The picture of famine which he gives is striking enough in all conscience. The wretched beings squatted before his tent, begging for food to keep them from starving, going patiently away when ordered, with the dull resignation of fatalists; their place to be taken immediately by others. "Lean mothers came, and laid down little children, that lay prone on the grass as if they were dead, for they were too far gone in starvation to stand on their wasted little legs. . . . Wretched old women, shrivelled and starved almost out of human semblance, tottered over the grass, to fall prostrate outside the tent, and pray for relief while their grey hairs trailed in the dust. The air was full of the dull monotous howl in which relief is craved, as a marsh at eventime echoes with the croaking of frogs." This is terrible. We do not think the change is very gratifying when we come to estimate the efforts made to provide the remedy. The relief works were a mockery as far as labor was concerned. There were strong men and women engaged upon them, but they did not work, and there were weak men, women, and children also engaged upon them who could not work. But such as the work was, mark how the wretches engaged upon it were treated. "As the crowd surged and clamored around Mr. Wolseley, every man, woman, and child, with the parrot-like phrase on their lips, I saw that his brow grew dark and his lips quivered. 'My God,' he asked of Henry, in a low, earnest tone, 'my God, is this true?' 'I fear it is,' was Henry's reply. What, think you, was it that was true? What was that phrase which came parrot-like from every thin lip, while every gaunt face and wolfish eye swore to its truth more strongly than the weightiest oaths? *'We have not been paid for four days.'"* The meaning of this is not hard to tell. The day's wages means simply the value of a day's food. An old man, asked how long since he had been paid, replied "four days," and how long since he had food, replied "three days." The one thing is the necessary consequence of the other. The money earned one day has to buy the food of the next; if there is no money, there is no food, and so four days without pay means for most three days without aught to eat.

It is hardly any wonder that after this experience the system of relief works may be considered to have broken down altogether. It is now stated that the Viceroy has come to the conclusion of feeding the people in their homes instead. But already, no doubt, large sums have been spent upon them. What is to become of these? Who is to repay them? Why, we dare say, the unfortunate Indian people in some way or other. Ireland was saddled with several millions laid on in this way during the famine—money squandered in a fashion that did little good to the poor, and left no appreciable result of a valuable nature to the country. These millions, indeed, were afterwards remitted, but at the cost of saddling Ireland with the income tax. The generous British Government of 1874 will no doubt take a leaf out of the book of the generous British government of 1848, and Ireland will supply the precedent for England. Surely this ought not to be. It may be unfair to dwell too harshly on administrative shortcomings under circumstances the difficulty of which must be confessed, but as surely it may be expected that wretched India ought not be mulcted for these errors. The present Prime Minister has invented the phrase "plundering and blundering;" but certainly if India is to be saddled with the cost of a machinery which augments the expense of relief, hinders its efficacy, and leaves no permanent value behind it, the terms would nowhere find more apt application.

MORE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—The historic vessel which the English Government ordered to be detained *after* she had been several days at sea, and for whose exploits England has recently paid a fine of fifteen millions, has not even yet ceased to be an apple of discord. It appears that the *Alabama*, with praiseworthy impartiality, during her supremacy on the seas, did a good deal of damage to British as well as to Federal shipping. And now comes Mr. Anderson in the House of Commons with this proposition: "Britain has been adjudged to have done wrong in permitting the departure of the *Alabama*, and has had to compensate all American citizens who suffered by that wrong; in justice, therefore, Britain must now pay the claims of British subjects who suffered in the same way." Discussion in the matter is postponed until after the Easter holidays. Then, if anybody else has a claim, let him send it in. It is highly probable that no British minister will in future attempt the joke of prohibiting the sailing of a vessel after she has cleared out to sea.—*Irish World*.

JENNY LIND'S eldest son is at Corpus Christi College, at Oxford, and she has a daughter just coming into womanhood.

The Irish Race.

[From the Dublin Irishman.]

If Ireland has received colonists from many parts, she has sent forth her children to all quarters of the globe. As the blood comes from the several portions of the human frame to the ever-active heart, and is spread on through pulsing arteries to nourish and revive the farthest elements of the bodily system, so has this island—small as a heart, but as active too—received and sped forth the great currents of human life.

Hither came the adventurous Parolanians, here the ingenious Dananians made their abode, the industrious Firebolgs sojourned in the verdure of yonder hills, the sword-bearing Milesians hailed the green isle of their dreams, and conquered in their turn. The fearless Sea Kings, passing from isle to isle, from the snowy land of burning Hecla, steered by Faroe and the Orkneys, by the wild west isles, from whose summits the greater Ireland loomed fair; hither also they came, and some paused, while others restless on the motionless land, clove the living sea by distant Spain, and plunging between the pillars of Hercules, made their resting-place for a time at the city of the Bosphorus. They sang of Ireland in their famous Sagas, and they gave the names of their Irish brides to bays and hills in stormy Iceland. The darker Danish race swarmed down also, entrenching themselves in our fertile valleys, by the crescent sea-shores, within hail of their long-raven vessels. And in after years, Saxon and Norman — that mixed brood of Northmen, Frenchmen, and Italians—gathered in upon this fruitful island, which seemed to many fair as the fabled Hesperidan land.

Surely there was right good and plentiful material, wherewithal to knead out a worthy people and to build up a gallant nation. If the opinions of physiologists be not vain dreams, the diverse qualities of such varied ancestry should be discoverable, coming here and there to the surface, as years lapse and events give opportunity. And, of a verity, no philosophic mind can contemplate the chronicle of the past without coming in contact with facts that pile up a monumental proof of the justice of such views. Vigorous, ingenious, and adventurous, the many-blooded people of Ireland showed, at various times and places, some or other of the marked characteristics of their forefathers, albeit attuned often in another key as suited the changing days and progressive years.

At times, adventurous bands invaded Britain, or penetrated to the snow-capped Alps, bringing back captives, of whom one, in chief, was destined for greater things than herding swine—he, whose festival has just been celebrated over the round globe, wherever a space of soil gives room for a shamrock to flourish. At times, again, the adventure was in the field of learning, and swarms of men who had labored hard at home to instruct all comers from all places, went forth from this small isle to take great Europe in hand, and to teach and civilize it anew, after it had been tossed to chaos by the wars of falling Rome and tumultuous Goths and Vandals. Even the pressure of adverse fortune did not mar, but rather set out certain virile qualities, which divided them apart from that section of men who are crushed by slavery into the image of the slave.

When the break of battle was against the strategy of the leaders imposed upon them, they—whose valor the foe admired and desired—they chose rather to take their dinted but brilliant swords across the sea to the Continent, where they flashed the name of Ireland over Europe, and engraved it on the record of a world. In the later and not less enforced outgoing, the strong power of patient industry and the pithy fibre of manly mind made them a sound upward way through the tangle, brake, and morass of unorganized strivings in strange territories. From the chaos of their coming unto these unknown places, they delayed not long to evolve from the powers of their very being, organisms and order temples, for worship, and colleges and schools for education, to which no race on earth has ever been more faithful. Here be achievements and victories and triumphs, obscured by the familiarity of close neighborhood, but great enough in the moral order to make the Time-watcher stare, as gazing on a marvel whereto none other exists as rival or peer, in the world's history.

The people which does such things dies not, and cannot die. Its anatomical elements oppose death, with the full thrill of abounding vitality. Its destiny is foreshadowed by its past—the deeds done, the monuments it has left behind compel it to continue, by no resistable compulsion. For a while there may be vague wanderings and blind gropings, but the true power of progress is inborn and will show how, as of old, by faithfulness, by learning, and by courage, the name of the Irish Nation may be magnified on earth.

A STORY OF FIFTH AVENUE.—A lady on Fifth Avenue had got into trouble. She had purchased thousand dollar dresses and thousand dollar furs and thousand dollar things generally, till her bill footed up to a sum total that was really frightful. Her husband had lost heavily in stocks. She dared not ask him for the money; and what was she to do? She had diamonds to the value of $15,000. She took these rings and bracelets and things and hied her to a jeweller's, who set them with imitation stones that looked just as well as the genuine, and on the genuine stones she raised the money to relieve her wants. In the meantime the husband had lost money at gambling, and had "debts of honor which must be paid." How was he to get it? His wife's diamonds? Capital idea! One morning he slipped them in his pocket and went to a jeweller's.

"Can you take stones out of jewels and replace them with imitation?"

"Certainly."

"What would these be worth, or, rather, what would you advance upon them," said he, pulling out the sparklers.

The jeweller looked at them and looked up.

"About $150!"

"$150! Why, they cost $15,000."

"The originals doubtless did. We have the originals in our safe. We took them out two weeks ago and put in these paste ones."

The gentleman gave a prolonged whistle, put them in his pocket, and walked out.

There was doubtless a scene at his house. Doubtless he demanded why Madame, his wife, had pawned her jewels, and doubtless she wanted to know how he came to know it. How it was settled will never be known.

AN ANCIENT RELIC.—A wonderful discovery has been made at Coralville, Iowa. In the lime pits, while making a drill hole for a blast, the tool struck something hard. It proved to be a bronze shield, similar to those found in the Island of Silt and Denmark. Although much corroded, marks of blows can be seen on it, and some remains of zigzag metal work.

A NEW enginehouse is to be built on Second street, south of Central Market, San Jose.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

PRICES Will Tell!

Acknowledged by Every One ....THAT....

NOLAN BROS,
11 Third Street,
SELLS MORE SHOES,
SELLS BETTER SHOES,
....AND....
SELLS THEM CHEAPER
Than Any Other Shoe Store on the Pacific Coast.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU WANT IN THE SHOE Line, NOLAN BROS. has it, from an Infant's Shoe to the MAMMOTH BOOT.

Closing out a job of fine Shoes, some fifty dozen pairs, full scolloped, high cut, for.....$1 75
They are considered cheap by prudent buyers at.... 2 50
800 Pairs Ladies' Balmorals reduced to..... 1 50
We have on hand 600 pairs of Ladies' French Kid Boots, which, for Durability, Style and Quality, cannot be excelled—
We have reduced them to.....$4 50
Former price.....6 00
900 Pairs Men's Calf Boots, screwed, at.....$3 50
Men's Box Toe Gaiters of our own manufacture—
Reduced from $5 to.....$3 50
500 Pairs of Gents' Alexis Ties, new style.....$4 50
Invite special attention to our immense stock of Men's Handsewed Boots, Congress Gaiters and Alexis, equal to any custom work.

NOLAN BROS.,
11 Third Street,
Sign of the Big Boot.
fe21tf

STEPHEN THOMAS,
PRIZE BOOT MAKER,
LADIES AND MISSES BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.
Paris, London and Melbourne. No. 142 Fourth Street, San Francisco. jy4-tf

WILLIAM O'CONNELL,
FASHIONABLE
Boot Maker.
818 HOWARD STREET, (Irish-American Hall)
SAN FRANCISCO. jy4-tf

M. F. Walsh,
Fashionable
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
905½ Market Street, (corner of Fifth.)
All the latest styles of Boots and Shoes made to order, at the shortest notice. Also, a full assortment of Benkert's Philadelphia Boots. Orders and repairing promptly attended to. jy1tf

John Leddy,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
120 FOURTH ST., (corner of Minna.)

Men's Boots	from $2 50 to $4 00
Men's Boots (best quality)	from 5 50 to 8 00
Boys and Youth's Boots	from 1 50 to 3 50
Ladies' Gaiters	from 1 00 to 1 75
Misses' Gaiters	from 75 to 1 50
Misses' Balmorals	from 1 00 to 2 25
Children's French Calf	from 1 25 to 1 50
Children's French Goat	from 1 00 to 1 50

ALL OF MY OWN MAKE.
fe21tf

Thomas Healy,
Fashionable
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
677 Mission Street, (near Third.)
Repairing neatly done, jly 19-tf

HALL & WAGNER'S TRADE MARK
California BLEACHING SOAP.
Washes Without Rubbing!
It is warranted not to injure the finest fabrics, and will make Blankets and Flannels look equal to new.
Every Bar is Wrapped with Full Directions.
ENQUIRE FOR
HALL & WAGNER'S Bleaching Soap.
Factory, Corner of Folsom and Sixteenth Sts., SAN FRANCISCO.
mh14tf

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,
IMPORTERS
—AND—
WHOLESALE STATIONERS.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED
At the Lowest Prices.
Counting Houses Supplied.
JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,
327, 329 & 331 Sansome St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
mh14tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pellet & Fischer,
(Successor to R. LEHMAN & Co.)
WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS
No. 403 Davis Street, between Washington and Jackson, San Francisco. Manufacture all kinds of Candies from the Best Materials, and will sell at least as low as any other House in the trade. ☞ Goods warranted to keep in any climate. Country orders promptly attended to.—Dealers supplied on liberal terms. Also a large assortment of Nuts. jly5-tf

J. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.
Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
No. 515 California Street
Above Montgomery, next to the California Market jy4-tf

ISAAC SELIC,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
No. 318 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco. ap5-tf

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

JAMES DALY. H. WARD.
DALY & WARD,
IMPORTERS OF
Foreign and Domestic
Wines and Liquors,
311 SACRAMENTO STREET,
(Bet. Front and Battery,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
fe21tf

MICHAEL RYAN,
DEALER IN
Wines, Liquors, Etc.,
ARMORY HALL,
No. 134 Fourth St, Bet. Minna and Howard,
SAN FRANCISCO.
fe21tf

SAN FRANCISCO
BALL and RACKET COURT,
846 HOWARD STREET
Between Fourth and Fifth.....SAN FRANCISCO
Fine WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
THOMAS KELLY.....Proprietor
jy4-tf

P. J. McMahon,
....HOME AGAIN AT THE....
RUSS HOUSE SALOON
MONTGOMERY STREET.
my10-tf

PAUL L. BARBIER. EDWARD J. BARRETT.
BARBIER & BARRETT'S,
Sample Rooms,
Windsor House,
903½ MARKET STREET,
Three Doors from Fifth.....SAN FRANCISCO.
f14tf

P. J. TANNIAN,
24 THIRD STREET
Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Also—Superior Brands Old Bourbon Whisky, Old Martel and Sazerac Brandies, Pure Old Scotch and Irish Whiskeys. Also, Pure Holland Gin and Jamaica Rum. de4-tf

P. F. Brady,
LA GRANDE EXCHANGE,
610 MARKET STREET,
And No. 11 Post Street....(Opposite Masonic Temple,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
The reputation of the La Grande for the excellence of its Wines, Liquors and Cigars is always maintained. my17-tf

P. LYMAN. J. P. RAFFERTY. DAVID GOGGIN,
Lyman, Rafferty & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND
Wholesale Liquor Dealers.
Specialties—Old Crock, Pony Bourbon, Rye Whiskies.
416 Battery street, Cor. Merchant. jly26-tf

JOHN J. REARDON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Groceries, Wines & Liquors,
CORNER THIRD AND EVERETT STS.,
Between Mission and Howard,
SAN FRANCISCO.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF PUREST WINES AND Liquors for Family and Medicinal use always on hand. Goods delivered Free of Charge. fe21tf

"Fredericksburg"
ENTRACHT SALOON,
545 California Street,
SCHRAMM & SCHNABEL, Proprietors.
aug2tf

S. CARO,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Fashionable Clothing,
—AND—
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
No. 40 Third Street,
OPPOSITE JESSIE, SAN FRANCISCO.
Particular attention paid to the Fit and Cut of the Garment. New Goods received by every steamer. fe28tf

PETER J. KELLY,
SUCCESSOR TO
Lennon & Kelly,
....DEALERS IN....
Groceries and Provisions,
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, ETC.
Southeast Corner of Fourth and Minna Streets, San Francisco. mh9-tf

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. BRENAN,
PAUL M. BRENAN,
Physician, Surgeon and Lecturer,
LATE OF PHILADELPHIA, THE FOUNTAIN HEAD of all medical science in this country, who has spent the last thirteen years in travelling through all the principal cities in Europe and the United States, giving lectures and treating some of the most complicated and long-standing diseases, has now permanently located himself in San Francisco, at
127 Montgomery Street,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel entrance. Although DR. BRENAN may differ considerably in his practice from many members of the Profession, yet, he is possessed of the highest credentials from the most learned and celebrated Medical Colleges in the country; and all who have attended his lectures bear witness to the clear and lucid manner in which he defines every portion of the human frame, giving the reasons for the various diseases which the tissues of the human body are subject to, and illustrating every portion of the human system by the simple aid of a black-board, thereby proving himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the anatomy of the human configuration. On these lectures the Press of all our large cities have showered the highest encomiums of praise; and DR. BRENAN has been also greatly complimented by the leading physicians of the day. He has devoted much of his time and research to the diseases of the nervous system and reproductive organs, and also to general and nervous debility; and for this purpose DR. BRENAN spent several years in Paris, where the best facility is offered for the thorough investigation of the cause of these most complicated diseases. Nasal Catarrh and other diseases of the throat and chest, have also been the subject of special lectures delivered throughout the country. The Doctor, therefore, offers his services with confidence to all the afflicted of humanity who may suffer from any of the complaints incidental to the human frame. In addition to his own professional office and consultation room, the Doctor has also secured parlors affording every convenience for the accommodation of ladies and gentleman separately.
Office, 127 Montgomery street, opposite the Occidental Hotel entrance. Office Hours—9 to 12 and 1 to 5; in the evenings, 6 to 8.
Correspondence will be promptly answered, and a list of printed questions forwarded to patients in any part of the United States, and by the answers DR. BRENAN can tell the disease almost as readily as by seeing the patient. Post Office Box 291. aug23-1y

J. D. Callaghan, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR,
OFFICE and RESIDENCE.....No. 852 Folsom street, SAN FRANCISCO.
Office Hours—From 1 to 4; 7 to 8 P. M. sp12-tf

Dr. Abom,
OCULIST, AURIST, CATARRH, THROAT, AND LUNG PHYSICIAN
Offices, Laboratory and Residence,
213 GEARY ST. (above Stockton,) SAN FRANCISCO
OFFICE HOURS—10½ A.M. to 3½ P.M.—6 to 7 P.M.

DR. S. H. ROBERTS.
Dentist,
No. 142½ Fourth Street near Howard, San Francisco.
Office hours from 9, A. M. to 5, P. M. jy4-tf

UNDERTAKERS.

James McGinn,
Undertaker
....AND....
General Furnisher,
No. 717 Market Street, opposite Dupont.
Hearses and Coaches; Rosewood, Mahogany and Lead Coffins; Shrouds, Cravats, Silver and White Metal Coffin Plates constantly on hand.
Grave Stones, Iron and Wood Enclosures furnished.
Especial attention given to disinterring Bodies and preparing them for shipment to the Atlantic States and elsewhere.
Every variety of Funeral Equipments furnished to order. my3-tf

THAD. FLANAGAN. M. J. GALLAGHER.
Flanagan & Gallagher,
(Successors to J. Kelly,)
Undertakers,
No. 834 MARKET STREET,
Nearly opposite Fourth.....San Francisco.
EVERYTHING necessary for funerals kept constantly on hand. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention, at moderate charges. jly19-tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GIANT POWDER.
To the Miners and others. You will save fifty per cent by using the GIANT POWDER exclusively.
Giant Powder No. 2,
is superior to any other blasting material for bank blasting, Coal Mines, and all medium hard rock.
PRICE:—Fifty cents per pound.
BANDMAN, NIELSON, & Co., Gen. Agents.
No. 210 Front street, San Francisco. jy4-tf

O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S
PRISON LIFE.
I HAVE THIS BOOK IN THE HANDS OF THE printers and will send it post free on receipt of $1 00. Beautifully bound, $2 00.
O'DONOVAN ROSSA,
Care National Steamship Company, New York.
oct4-tf

Philadelphia Brewery,
JOHN WIELAND, - - Proprietor
Second Street, Near Folsom, San Francisco. jy4-tf

THE OLD HOT SCOTCH,
No. 15 Morton st., (near Kearney.)
ALL DRINKS TEN CENTS. HOT DRINKS A SPECIALTY. The best Tom and Jerry in town. Always on file the New York Herald, Harper's Weekly, Frank Leslie's Weekly, Day's Doings, Police Gazette, London Punch, Bell's Life, Illustrated London News, and all the California papers. Call and satisfy yourself. Don't forget the sign of the "Hot Scotch." aug2tf
W. S. WALDRON, Proprietor.

MRS. P. QUIGLEY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CARPENTERS' TOOLS,
No. 914 Market St.,
Between Stockton and Powell, SAN FRANCISCO.
A Large and Choice Stock of Tools. Manufacturers of Spirit Levels mh7tf

[From the Commercial Herald.

MARKET REPORT.

[For the week ending Thursday, April 23d.]

WHEAT—The market is strong, with light offerings The Melancthon from Oregon brought us 2,084 sks. Many of our large growers holding thousands of tons have recently disposed of their heavy stocks, either by sale or shipment, thus giving force to the prevalent belief that crops this season will be large, and there is no longer any hope for extreme prices to be obtained by holding over another season. Purchases for the week include the balance of Farmer Mitchell's crop, say 2,000 tons, deliverable at Vallejo, at $1 97½. (This gentleman last August refused to sell more than thrice this quantity at $2 35 ₱ cental.) Other sales during the week in lots sum up as follows: 7,500 sks extra choice at $2; 15,000 sks prime shipping, $1 95; 10,000 sks, $1 92½; 2,500 sks common, $1 90 ₱ ctl; the market closing firm within our range. Liverpool quotations are higher than last week; for average, 12s 9d@13s; club, 13s@13s 4d.

BARLEY—We note further shipments to Chicago by rail of 150 tons bright Bay Brewing, the freight on same being reduced to $1 50 ₱ ctl. Sales embrace 1,200 ctls, $1 87½; 2,100 do, $1 82½; 3,200 do, $1 80; 1,300 sks choice, $1 85; 500 sks Coast, $1 65; 500 do, $1 77½ ₱ ctl. The remaining stock is light and well concentrated.

OATS—We continue to receive full supplies. The J. L. Stephens from Oregon brought 1,240 sks, the Melancthon 2,130 sks. Sales for the week in lots aggregate 2,500 sks at $1 52½@1 55; 500 sks, $1 87½; 1,300 sks choice, $1 60@1 65 ₱ ctl.

CORN—The stock is light, with few sales, aggregating in lots 1,000 sks at $1 65@1 75 ₱ ctl, latter for extra choice Yellow.

RYE—There is no stock, with light receipts and limited offerings; price $1 70@1 75 ₱ ctl.

HAY—Receipts are light, with small cargo sales at $14 50 @21 ₱ ton as extremes.

BRAN AND MIDDLINGS—The present mill price in jobbing lots $17 for the former and $27 50 ₱ ton for the latter.

BEANS—We quote jobbing rates: Bayos, 2¾@2⅞c; Butter, 6@7c; Pea, 5½@5¾c; Small White, 5¼@5½c; Pink and Red, 2¼@2¾c.

MUSTARD SEED—There is a fair demand for White at 1⅝@2⅛c. Brown and Red, 2@2½c, according to quality, but the supply is very light.

HIDES—We note a slight advance in rates of both Dry and Wet, owing to a better feeling and greater demand at the East. We quote Dry at 19@20c, usual selections; Wet salted, 9½@10c, with free sales of latter to local tanners.

TALLOW—The steamer from Oregon brought 224 tins. Supplies are moderate, barely equal to the current demand. Sales of 8,000 lbs crude at 7¼c; 3,500 lbs refined at 8¼c.

WOOL—The excitement noted last week has ceased. Receipts still continue light. Good parcels are readily disposed of on arrival, and thus far there has been no dearth of buyers or accumulation of stock. There seems to be no disposition on the part of shippers to advance prices, and we can therefore consider rates pretty well established, and the range of prices given last week will apply to sales made since then. We note the following sales: 200,000 lbs spring clip and 34,000 lbs fall clip, within our range. A small lot of Northern spring fleece—12 months' clip—sold at 26c, being a very nice lot of free and light. The range of the market, 17@25c. A leading commission house reports average Wools selling at 20@22c; 25c for choice, and as high as 26@27c for extra choice. Southern slightly burry, long stapled light, 20@22c.

POTATOES—The last cargo from Humboldt per Pelican has been placed in lots at $1 75@1 85; Petalumas and Tomales, $1 65@1 75 ₱ 100 lbs; new Mission jobbing at 4@ 4½c ₱ lb.

ONIONS—Are very scarce, with lessened Oregon supplies; jobbing rates, 3¾@4c.

HONEY—The market is fully supplied with strained. Prices are merely nominal—say 8@12c, according to quality. Comb is very scarce, and quotable at 20@25c for choice. Strained in 2-lb cans is worth $4 25; Comb in 2-lb cans, $4 ₱ doz.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—The receipts of fresh Roll Butter are considerable; good to choice, 23@27½c; extra Point Reyes gilt-edged, 30c in jobbing lots. California Cheese is plentiful at 12½@16c. No Eastern here. Eggs are abundant and cheap. California, 22½@23c. Eastern receipts large; 40,000 dozen received this week, and slow sale at 17@ 18c. Oregon Eggs, 18@20c.

POULTRY—The local market is well supplied at moderate prices. We quote: Hens and Roosters, $7 00@8 50; Broilers, $5 00@8 00; tame Ducks, $7 00@8 00 ₱ doz; tame Geese, $1 50@2 00 ₱ pair; Turkeys, live, plenty at 15@17c for Gobblers, and 17@19c ₱ lb for Hens; dressed do, 18@20c ₱ lb. Hare, $2 50@3 ₱ doz.

THE *World* reports that even the late crops in San Diego County are now secure.

PLACERVILLE is to have a fruit-drying establishment on the Alden principle.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to give Napa County a $100,000 woollen mill.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOURTH ANNUAL

EXCURSION

....OF THE....

HIBERNIA RIFLES,

....TO....

San Rafael,

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1874.

The RIFLES have chartered the commodious steamer CONTRA COSTA, and secured ample Railroad Accommodation for their guests on this occasion.

The Boat will leave Davis street Wharf, near Broadway, at Ten o'clock A. M., and return to the city at Seven P. M., thus affording a rare chance to parties who desire to visit the most beautiful Summer Resort on the Pacific Coast.

Only a limited number of Tickets issued.

ALPER'S FULL BAND accompanies the Excursion.

TICKETS.....ONE DOLLAR.
Children.....50 Cents.

(For the Round Trip.)
ap11td

New Advertisements.

E. O'REILLY,

IMPORTER OF, AND DEALER IN

Mirrors, Chromos, Engravings.

LITHOGRAPHS—PLAIN AND COLORED.

PICTURE FRAMES, Etc.

CORNER OF MARKET AND FIFTH STREETS, San Francisco.

CORNER OF MARKET AND FIFTH STREETS, San Francisco.

Goods Sold on Easy Weekly or Monthly

INSTALLMENTS.

Who would have a DULL AND GLOOMY HOME, when it could be cheered by a BRIGHT AND PLEASANT CHROMO, Engraving or Lithograph, costing no more than a FEW DOLLARS, at E. O'REILLY'S?

Who would fail to evoke the FONDEST MEMORIES of this world, when for a FEW DOLLARS can be bought of E. O'REILLY a beautiful picture representing with fidelity, "The Lakes of Killarney," "The Groves of Blarney," "The Vale of Avoca," etc., etc,

Who would not be constantly reminded of the DEAREST HOPES of the HEREAFTER, when for a FEW DOLLARS, E. O'REILLY supplies a fine picture of "The Crucifixion," or "The Sacred Heart," "Madonna," "St. Bridget," "St. Patrick," "St. Cecilia," "St. Joseph," etc., etc., many of which are also published in chromos?

GOODS CAREFULLY PACKED AT LIGHT CHARGE FOR LAND OR SEA.

Country Orders Filled with Care and Promptitude.

RE-FRAMING AND RE-GILDING.

E. O'REILLY, Cor. Market and Fifth Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ap25tf

MOUNTAIN & RAYE,

—DEALERS IN—

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES,

—AND—

Curtain Materials.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

No. 718 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

A few doors west of Keavny.....

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IMPORTATION DIRECT.

M. SHORT,

PIONEER TAILOR,

Commercial Street - - - Corner of Leidesdorff.

☞ The FINEST GOODS ever introduced into this market, including

MELTONS, CAMBRIDGE,
CHEVIOTS, NAPIER,
OXFORD, WITNEYS,
RAGLANS, WEST TWILLS,
Etc. Etc. Etc.

....ALSO....

A Large Assortment of Genuine Irish Friezes.

Being the NEWEST FASHIONS, both in material and colors, which he now offers at prices which Cannot be touched by any other house in the City.

An inspection of THIS SPLENDID STOCK Is respectfully invited. A perfect fit guaranteed.

Remember my Prices to Order are—

Pants	$ 6 00
Business Suits	25 00
Beaver Suits	35 00
Finest French Beaver Suits	50 00

M. SHORT,
527 Commercial St.....San Francisco.

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WM. J. BLYTHE,

Band Master 3d Irish Regiment, N. G. C.

RESIDENCE—283 Stevenson street.—PLACE OF BUSINESS—At P. J. Tannian's, cor. Stevenson and Third Sts. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

[mh21-tf]

MATTHEW O'BRIEN,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER,

GAS AND STEAM FITTER,

No. 1136 Market street.....Opposite Sixth
SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ All work warranted. Jobbing promptly attended to.

[mh21-tf

Dry Goods.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE,

Par Excellance!

GRAND SHOW OF DRESS GOODS,

On Monday and Following Days.

RECEIVED AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE:

13 Cases Chevron Melange. Colors Unrivalled.
10 Cases Grisailles. Beautiful Fabriques.
5 Cases Valencias. Very Superb.
7 Cases Armures. Produits Francais.
15 Cases Cilistriennes. Surpassingly Pretty.
8 Cases Velours Ottoman. Elegant and Effective.
7 Cases of those Very Pretty Silk and Wool Fabriques.
5 Cases Silver Gray Mixtures, surpassing Silk in their Wear, Effect, and Adaptation to the Climate.
8 Cases of English and French Black Goods. This addition makes our Mourning Department the Largest in the State.

One Special Line of 270 pieces Balmorals, every Shade, at 25 cents per yard.

The SILK DEPARTMENT is replete with all the Novelties, Suitable for Bridal, Evening, and Promenade. Our Black Silks command universal approbation.

We need only add that the above quoted goods are our own importing, and will vie with any house on the Pacific Slope.

INSPECT!

GLEESON & FELL,

PEOPLE'S PALACE,

Nos. 911 and 918 Market street,

BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH.

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